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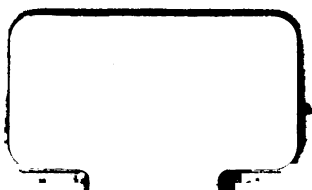
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THE
NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL
FOR
W I T.

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IN SIX VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:
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THE
NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL
FOR
W I T.

AN HEROIC EPISTLE TO SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, KNIGHT, COMPTROLLER GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S WORKS, AND AUTHOR OF A LATE DISSERTATION ON ORIENTAL GARDENING, * ENRICHED WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES, CHIEFLY EXTRACTED FROM THAT ELABORATE PERFORMANCE.

Non omnes arbuta juvant, humilesque myricæ. VIRG.

KNIGHT of the Polar Star ! by Fortune plac'd
To shine the Cynosure of British taste ;
Whose orb collects in one refulgent view
The scatter'd glories of Chinese Virtù ;

And

* Readers of the present generation are so very inattentive to what they read, that it is probable, one half of Sir William's may have forgotten the principles which his book inculcates.

Vol. II.

B

Let

And spread their lustre in so broad a blaze, g
That kings themselves are dazzled, while they gaze.
O let

Let these, then, be reminded, that it is the author's profest aim in extolling the taste of the Chinese, to condemn that mean and paltry manner which Kent introduced, which Southcote, Hamilton, and Brown followed, and which, to our national disgrace, is called the English style of gardening. He shews the poverty of this taste, by aptly comparing it to a dinner, which consisted of three gross pieces, three times repeated; and proves to a demonstration, that Nature herself is incapable of pleasing, without the assistance of Art, and that too of the most luxuriant kind. In short, such art as is displayed in the Emperor's garden of Yuen-Ming-Yuen, near Pekin; where fine lizards, and fine women, human giants, and giant-baboons, make but a small part of the superb scenery. He teaches us, that a perfect garden must contain within itself all the amusements of a great city; that *VRBS IN RURE*, not *VR IN URBE*, is the thing, which an improver of true taste ought to aim at. He says—but it is impossible to abridge all that he says:—Let this therefore suffice to tempt the reader again to peruse his invaluable Dissertation, since without it, he will never relish half the beauties of the following epistle; for (if her Majesty's Zebra, and the powder-mills at Hounslow be excepted) there is scarce a single image in it, which is not taken from that work.

But tho' the images be borrowed, the author claims some small merit from the application of them. Sir William says too modestly, "that European artists must not hope to rival Oriental splendor." The poet shews, that European artists may easily

O let the muse attend thy march sublime,
 And, with thy prose, caparison her rhyme ;
 Teach her, like thee, to gild her splendid song,
 With scenes of Yven-Ming, and sayings of Li-
 Tsong ;

10

easily rival it ; and, that Richmond gardens, with only the addition of a new bridge to join them to Brentford, may be new modelled, perfectly, "à la Chinoise." He exhorts his Knight to undertake the glorious task, and leaves no cause to doubt, but that, under the auspicious patronage he now so justly enjoys, added to the READY vote of those who furnish ways and means, the royal work will speedily be completed.

Verse 2. Cynosure of British taste.] Cynosure, an affected phrase. Cynosura is the constellation of Ursa Minor, or the Lesser Bear, the next star to the Pole. Dr. Newton, on the word in Milton.

Verse 10. Wish scenes of Yven-Ming.] One of the Imperial gardens at Pekin. (Sayings of Li-Tsong.) "Many trees, shrubs, and flowers," sayeth Li-Tsong, a Chinese author of great antiquity, "thrive best in low, moist situations ; many on hills and mountains ; some require a rich soil : but others will grow on clay, in sand, or even upon rocks ; and in the water ; to some a funny exposition is necessary ; but for others the shade is preferable. There are plants which thrive best in exposed situations, but, in general, shelter is requisite. The skilful gardener, to whom study and experience have taught these qualities, carefully attends to them in his operations ; knowing that thereon depend the health and growth of his plants ; and consequently the beauty of his plantations." Vide Diss. p. 77. The reader, I presume, will readily allow, that he never met with so much recondite truth, as this ancient Chinese here exhibits.

B 2

Like

Like thee to scorn Dame Nature's simple fence;
 Leap each Ha-ha of truth and common sense;
 And proudly rising in her bold career,
 Demand attention from the gracious ear.
 Of him, whom we and all the world admit. 15
 Patron supreme of science, taste, and wit.
 Does Envy doubt? Witness, ye chosen train!
 Who breathe the sweets of his Saturnian reign;
 Witness ye H*lls, ye J*ns*ns, Sc*ts, S*bb*s,
 Hark to my call, for some of you have ears. 20
 Let D**d H*e, from the remotest North,
 In see-saw sceptic scruples hint his worth;
 D**d, who there supinely deigns to lye
 The fattest Hog of Epicurus' sty;
 Tho' drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic praise 25
 D**d shall bless Old England's halcyon days;
 The mighty Home, bemir'd in prose so long,
 Again shall stalk upon the stilts of song:
 While bold Mac-Ofian, wont in Ghosts to deal,
 Bids candid Smollet from his coffin steal; 30
 Bids Mallock quit his sweet Elyfian rest,
 Sunk in his St. John's philosophic breast,
 And, like old Orpheus, make some strong effort
 To come from Hell, and warble Truth at Court.
 There

Verse 34. Truth at Court.] Vide (if it be extant) a poem
 under this title, for which (or for the publication of Lord
 Bolingbroke's philosophical writings) the person here mentioned
 received

There was a time, "in Ether's peaceful grove 35
 When Kent and Nature vy'd for Pelham's love,
 That Pope beheld them with auspicious smile,
 And own'd that Beauty blest their mutual toil."

Mistaken Bard ! could such a pair design
 Scenes fit to live in thy immortal line ? 40
 Hadst thou been born in this enlighten'd day,
 Felt, as we feel, Taste's oriental ray,
 Thy satire sure had given them both a stab,
 Call'd Kent a Driveller, and the Nymph a Drab.
 For what is Nature ? Ring her changes round, 45
 Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground ;
 B 3 Prolong

received a considerable pension in the time of Lord B—te's administration.

Verse 45. For what is Nature ?] This is the great and fundamental axiom, on which the oriental taste is founded. It is therefore expressed here with the greatest precision, and in the identical phrase of the great original. The figurative terms, and even the explanatory simile, are entirely borrowed from Sir William's Dissertation. "NATURE (says the Chinese, or Sir William for them) affords us but few materials to work with. Plants, ground, and water, are her only productions ; and, though both the forms and arrangements of these may be varied to an incredible degree, yet have they but few striking varieties, the rest being of the nature of "changes rung upon bells," which, though in reality different, still produce the same uniform kind of jingling ; the variation being too minute to be easily perceived," "ART
 must

Prolong the peal yet, spite of all your clatter,
 The tedious chime is still ground, plants, and water.
 So, when some John his dull invention racks,
 To rival Boodle's dinners, or Almack's, 50
 Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,
 Three roasted geese, three butter'd apple-pies.

Come then, prolific Art, and with thee bring
 The charms that rise from thy exhaustless spring;
 To Richmond come, for see, untutor'd Brown 55
 Destroys those virtues which were once thy own.
 Lo, from his melon-ground the peasant slave
 Has rudely rush'd, and levell'd Merlin's Cave;
 Knock'd down the waxen wizard, seiz'd his wand,
 Transform'd to lawn what late was Fairy land; 60
 And marr'd, with impious hand, each sweet design
 Of Stephen Duck, and good Queen Caroline.
 Haste, bid yon livelong Terrace re-ascend,
 Replace each vista, straighten every bend;

must therefore supply the scantiness of Nature." &c. &c. &c. page
 14. And again, "Our larger works are only a repetition of the
 small ones, "like the honest Bachelor's feast," which consisted
 in nothing but a multiplication of his own dinner; "three legs of
 mutton and turneps, three roasted geese, and three buttered apple-
 pies." Preface, p. 7.

Shut

Shut out the Thames ; shall that ignoble thing 6;
 Approach the presence of great Ocean's King ?
 No ! let Barbaric glories feast his eyes,
 August Pagodas round his palace rise,
 And finish'd Richmond open to his view,
 " A work to wonder at, perhaps a" Kew. 70

Nor rest we here, but, at our magic call,
 Monkeys shall climb our trees, and lizards crawl ;

Verse 67. No ! let Barbaric glories.] So Milton.

" Where the gorgeous east with richest hand
 Showers on her Kings BARBARIC pearl and gold."

Verse 72. Monkeys shall climb our trees.] " In their lofty woods, serpents, and lizards of many beautiful sorts crawl upon the ground. Innumerable monkeys, cats, and parrots clamber upon the trees." Page 40. " In their lakes are many islands, some small, some large, amongst which are often seen stalking along, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the dromedary, ostrich, and the giant-baboon." Page 66. " They keep in their enchanted scenes, a surprising variety of monstrous birds, reptiles, and animals, which are tamed by art, and guarded by enormous dogs of Tibet and African giants, in the habit of magicians." Page 42. " Sometimes in this romantic excursion, the passenger finds himself in extensive recesses, surrounded with arbours of jessamine, vine, and roses ; where beauteous Tartarean damsels, in loose transparent robes that flutter in the air, present him with rich wines, &c. and invite him to taste the sweets of retirement, on Persian carpets, and beds of Camusathkin down." Page 40.

Huge dogs of Tibet bark in yonder grove,
 Here parrots prate, there cats make cruel love :
 In some fair island will we turn to grass 75
 (With the Queen's leave) her elephant and ass.
 Giants from Africa shall guard the glades,
 Where hiss our snakes, where sport our Tartar
 maids ;
 Or, wanting these, from Charlotte Hayes we bring
 Damsels alike adroit to sport and sing. 80

Now to our lawns of dalliance and delight,
 Join we the groves of horror and affright ;
 This to atchieve no foreign aids we try,
 Thy gibbets, Bagshot! shall our wants supply ;
 Hounslow,

Verse 84. Thy gibbets, Bagshot.] " Their scenes of terror
 are composed of gloomy woods, &c. GIBBETS, crosses, wheels,
 and the whole apparatus of torture, are seen from the roads.
 Here too they conceal in cavities, on the summits of the highest
 mountains, founderies, lime-kilns, and glass works, which send
 forth large volumes of flame, and continued columns of thick
 smoke, that give to these mountains the appearance of Vol-
 canoes." P. 37. " Here the passenger from time to time is sur-
 prized with repeated shocks of electrical impulse ; the earth
 trembles under him by the power of confined air," &c.
 Now to produce both these effects, viz. the appearance of
 volcanoes and earthquakes, we have here substituted the
 occasional

Hounslow, whose heath sublimer terror fills, 85
 Shall with her gibbets lend her powder mills.
 Here too, O King of Vengeance, in thy fane,
 Tremendous Wilkes shall rattle his gold chain ;
 And round that fane on many a Tyburn tree,
 Hang fragments dire of Newgate history ; 90
 On this shall H*ll*d's dying speech be read,
 Here B—te's confession, and his wooden head ;
 While all the minor plunderers of the age
 (Too numerous far for this contracted page)
 The R*g*ys, C*lc*ft's, Mungos, B*ds*ws there, 95
 In straw-stuff effigy, shall kick the air.
 But say, ye powers, who come when Fancy calls,
 Where shall our mimic London rear her walls ?

occasional explosion of a powder-mill, which (if there be not too much simplicity in the contrivance) it is apprehended will at once answer all the purposes of lime-kilns and electrical machines; and imitate thunder and the explosion of cannon into the bargain. Page 40.

Verse 87. Here too, O King of Vengeance, &c.] “ In the most dismal recesses of the woods, are temples dedicated to the King of Vengeance, near which are placed pillars of stone, with “ pathetic descriptions of tragical events ;” and many acts of cruelty perpetrated there by outlaws and robbers.” Page 37.

Verse 88. Tremendous Wilkes.] This was written while Mr. Wilkes was Sheriff of London, and when it was to be feared he would rattle his chain a year longer as Lord Mayor.

That Eastern feature, Art must next produce,
 Tho' not for present yet for future use, 100
 Our sons some slave of greatness may behold,
 Cast in the genuine Asiatic mould :
 Who of three realms shall condescend to know
 No more than he can spy from Windsor's brow ;
 For him that blessing of a better time, 105
 The muse shall deal awhile in brick and lime ;
 Surpass the bold Α'ΔΕΑΩΙ in design,
 And o'er the Thamea sling one stupendous line
 Of marble arches, in a bridge, that cuts
 From Richmond Ferry flat to Brentford Butta. 110
 Brentford with London's charms will we adorn ;
 Brentford, the bishopric of Parson Horne.

Verse 98. Where shall our mimic London, &c.] " There is likewise in the same garden, viz. Yven-Ming-Yven, near Pekin, a fortified town, with its ports, streets, public squares, temples, markets, shops, and tribunals of justice ; in short, with every thing that is at Pekin, only on a smaller scale.

" In this town the Emperors of China, who are too much the slaves of their greatness to appear in public, and their women, who are excluded from it by custom, are frequently diverted with the hurry and bustle of the capital, which is there represented, several times in the year, by the eunuchs of the palace." Page 32.

Verse 109. Of marble arches.] See Sir William's enormous account of Chinese bridges, too long to be here inserted. Page 53.

There

There at one glance, the royal eye shall meet
 Each varied beauty of St. James's-street;
 Stout T*lb*t there shall ply with hackney chair, 115
 And Patriot Betty fix her fruit-shop there.
 Like distant thunder now the coach of state
 Rolls o'er the bridge, that groans beneath its weight.
 The court hath cross'd the stream; the sports begin;
 Now N**t preaches of rebellion's sin: 120
 And as the powers of his strong pathos rise,
 Lo, brazen tears fall from Sir Fl**r's eyes.
 While skulking round the pews, that babe of grace,
 Who ne'er before at sermon shew'd his face,
 See Jemmy Twitcher shambles; stop! stop thief! 125
 He's stol'n the B* of D*nb*h's handkerchief.

Verse 115. Stout T**t, &c.] "Some of these eunuchs personate porters." Page 32.

Verse 116. And Patriot Betty.] "Fruits, and all sorts of refreshments are cried about the streets in this mock city." Page 33.

Verse 122. Lo, brazen tears, &c.]

Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek. Milton.

Verse 125. See Jemmy Twitcher shambles.] "Neither are thieves, pickpockets, and sharpers forgot in these festivals; that noble profession is usually allotted to a great number of the most dexterous eunuchs." Ibid.

Let B*rr*t*n arrest him in mock fury,
 And M**d hang the knave without a jury.
 But hark, the voice of battle shouts from far,
 The Jews and Maccaronies are at war : 130
 The Jews prevail, and, thund'ring from the stocks,
 They seize, they bind, and circumcise C*s F*.
 Fair Schw**n smiles the sport to see,
 And all the Maids of Honour cry Te ! He !

Be these the rural pastimes that attend 135
 Great B*nsf*k's leisure : these shall best unbend
 His royal mind, whene'er from state withdrawn,
 He treads the velvet of his Richmond lawn ;
 These shall prolong his Asiatic dream,
 Tho' Europe's balance trembles on its beam. 140
 And thou, Sir William ! while thy plastic hand
 Creates each wonder, which thy bard has plann'd,
 While, as thy art commands, obsequious rise
 Whate'er can please, or frighten, or surprize,
 O ! let the Bard his Knight's protection claim, 145
 And share, like faithful Sancho, Quixote's fame.

Verse 127. Let B**n.] " The watch seizes on the culprit." Page 33.

Verse 128. And M**d, &c.] " He is conveyed before the judge, and sometimes severely bastinadoed." Ibid.

Verse 129. But hark, &c.] " Quarrels happen—battles ensue." Ibid.

Verse 132. Circumcise C*s F*.] " Every liberty is permitted, there is no distinction of persons." Ibid.

Verse 134. And all the maids of honour, &c.] " This is done to divert his Imperial Majesty, and the ladies of his train." Ibid.

A K

AN HEROIC POSTSCRIPT TO THE PUBLIC, OCCASIONED BY THEIR FAVOURABLE RECEPTION OF A LATE HEROIC EPISTLE TO SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, KNT. &c. BY THE AUTHOR OF THAT EPISTLE.

Sicelides musæ, paullo majora canamus. VIRG.

I THAT of late, Sir William's Bard, and Squire,
 March'd with his helm and buckler on my lyre,
 (What time the Knight prick'd forth in ill-starr'd
 haste,
 Comptroller General of the works of taste),
 Now to the public tune my grateful lays, 5
 Warm'd with the sun-shine of the Public praise :
 Warm'd too with mem'ry of that golden time,
 When Almon gave me reason for my rhyme ;
 — glittering orbs, and, what endear'd them more,
 Each glittering orb the sacred features bore. 10
 Of George the good, the gracious, and the great,
 Unfil'd, unsweated, all of sterling weight ;

Verse 1. I that of late.]

Ille ego qui quondam, &c.

VIRGIL, or somebody for him.

Verse 4. Works of taste.] Put synonymously for his Majesty's works. See Sir William's title page.

Or,

Or, were they not, they pass'd with current ease,
 Good seemings then were good realities :
 No Senate had convey'd, by smuggling art, 15
 Pow'r to the mob to play Cadogan's part ;
 Now, thro' the land, that impious pow'r prevails,
 All weigh their Sov'reign in their private scales,
 And find him wanting, all save me alone,
 For, sad to say ! my glittering orbs are gone. 20
 But ill beseems a poet to repent,
 Lightly they came, and full as lightly went.
 Peace to their manes ! may they never feel
 Some keen Scotch banker's unrelenting steel ;
 While I again the Muse's fickle bring 25
 To cut down Dunces, wheresoe'er they spring,
 Bind in poetic sheaves the plenteous crop,
 And stack my full ear'd load in Almon's shop.
 For now, my Muse, thy fame is fixt as fate,
 Tremble, ye Fools I scorn, ye Knaves I hate ; 30
 I know the vigour of thy eagle wings,
 I know thy strains can pierce the ear of Kings.
 Did China's monarch here in Britain doze,
 And was, like western Kings, a King of Prose,

Thy

Verse 16. Cadogan's part.] Master of the Mint.

Verse 19. And find him wanting.] Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Daniel, chap. 8. v. 27.

Verse 34. A King of Prose.] Kien-Long, the present Emperor

Thy song could cure his Asiatic spleen, 31
 And make him wish to see and to be seen ;
 That solemn vein of irony so fine,
 Which, e'en Reviewers own, adorns thy line,
 Would make him soon against his greatness sin,
 Desert his sofa, mount his palanquin, 40
 And post where'er the goddess led the way,
 Perchance to proud Spithead's imperial bay ;
 There should he see, as other folks have seen,
 That ships have anchors, and that seas are green,
 Should own the tackling trim, the streamers fine, 45
 With Sandwich prattle, and with Bradshaw dine,

Emperor of China is a poet. M. de Voltaire did him the honour to treat him as a brother above two years ago ; and my late patron, Sir William Chambers, has given a fine and most intelligible prose version of an ode of his Majesty upon tea, in his post-script to his Dissertation. I am, however, vain enough to think, that the Emperor's composition would have appeared still better in my heroic verse ; but Sir William forestalled it ; on which account I have entirely broke with him.

Verse 37. That solemn vein of irony.] " A fine vein of solemn irony runs through this piece. See Monthly Review, under the article of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers.

Verse 43. There should he see.] A certain naval event happened just about two calendar months after the publication of the Heroic Epistle. 'Twas impossible, considering the necessary preparations, it could have been sooner. Facts are stubborn things.

And

And then sail back, amid the cannon's roar,
As safe, as sage, as when he left the shore.

Such is thy pow'r, O Goddess of the song,
Come then and guide my careless pen along; 50
Yet keep it in the bounds of sense and verse,
Nor, like Mac-Homer, make me gabble Erse.
No, let the flow of these spontaneous rhymes
So truly touch the temper of the times,
That he who runs may read; while well he knows 55
I write in metre, what he thinks in prose;
So shall my song, undisciplin'd by art,
Find a sure patron in each English heart.
If this it's fate, let all the frippery things
Be-plac'd, be-pension'd, and be-starr'd by Kings, 60
Frown on the page, and with fastidious eye,
Like old young Fannius, call it blasphemy.

Verse 52. Nor like Mac-Homer.] See, if the reader thinks it worth while, a late translation of the Iliad.

Verse 62. Like old young Fannius.] The noble personage here alluded to, being asked to read the Heroic Epistle, said, "No, it was as bad as blasphemy."

Ibid. Fannius.] Before I sent the MS to the press, I discovered, that an accidental blot had made all but the first syllable of this name illegible. I was doubtful, therefore, whether to print it Fannius or Fannia. After much deliberation, I thought it best to use the masculine termination. If I have done wrong, I ask pardon, not only of the Author, but the Lady, The Editor.

Let

Let these prefer a levee's harmless talk,
 Be ask'd how often, and how far they walk,
 Proud of a single word, nor hope for more, 65
 Tho' Jenkinson is blest with many a score;
 For other ears my honest number sound,
 With other praise those numbers shall be crown'd,
 Praise that shall spread, no pow'r can make it less,
 While Britain boasts the bulwark of her press. 70
 Yes, sons of Freedom ! yes, to whom I pay,
 Warm from the heart, this tributary lay ;
 That lay shall live, tho' Court and Grub-street sigh,
 Your young Marcellus was not born to die.
 The muse shall nurse him up to man's estate, 75
 And break the black asperity of fate——
 Admit him then your candidate for fame,
 Pleas'd if in your review he read his name.
 Tho' not with Mason and with Goldsmith put,
 Yet cheek by jowl with Garrick, Colman, Foote, 80
 But if with higher Bards that name you range,
 His modesty must think your judgment strange——
 So when o'er Crane-Court's philosophic Gods,
 The Jove-like majesty of Pringle nods,
 If e'er he chance to wake on Newton's chair, 85
 He " wonders how the devil he came there."

Verse 76. And break the black asperity of fate.]

—————" Si qua fata aspera rumpas,

Tu Marcellus eris."

VIRG.

What-

Whate'er his fame or fate, on this depend—
 He is, and means to be, his country's friend.
 'Tis but to try his strength that now he sports
 With Chinese gardens, and with Chinese courts : 90
 But if that country claim a graver strain,
 If real danger threat fair Freedom's reign,
 If hireling P**rs, in prostitution bold,
 Sell her as cheaply as themselves they sold ;
 Or they, who honour'd by the People's choice, 95
 Against that People lift their rebel voice,
 And basely crouching for their paltry pay,
 Vote the best birthright of her sons away,
 Permit a nation's in-born wealth to fly
 In mean, unkingly prodigality ; 100
 Nor, e'er they give, ask how the sums were spent,
 So quickly squander'd, tho' so lately lent—
 If this they dare, the thunder of his song,
 Rolling in deep-ton'd energy along,
 Shall strike, with Truth's dead bolt, each miscreant's
 name, 105
 Who, dead to duty, senseless e'en to shame,
 Betray'd his country. Yes, ye faithless crew,
 His muse's vengeance shall your crimes pursue,
 Stretch you on Satire's rack, and bid you lie
 Fit garbage for the hell-hound, Infamy.

ODE TO MR. PINCHBECK, UPON HIS NEWLY INVENTED PATENT CANDLE-SNUFFERS. BY MALCOLM M'GREGOR, ESQ; AUTHOR OF THE HEROIC EPISTLE TO SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, AND THE HEROIC POSTSCRIPT. ‡

Quousque ergo frustra pascemus ignigenum istum ?

Apuleii Met. Lib. 7.

Why should a Patent be granted to this Candle-Snuffer in vain ?

I.

ILLUSTRIOUS Pinchbeck ! condescend,
Thou well-belov'd, and best King's-Friend,
These lyric lines to view ;
O ! may they prompt thee, ere too late,
To snuff the candle of the state,
That burns a little blue.

II. R

‡ A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Ever since my first publication, the curiosity, not to say anxiety, of the world concerning my name, has been so great, that it has frequently given me pain to conceal what the world will now see it was not possible in my power to discover.

In short, I had no name, till the royal favour lately restored my very antient and honourable clan to its pristine title and honours. I was therefore in the same deplorable case with a certain nameless lady, whom I have long had the honour to call my neighbour, and who, I sincerely hope, will soon, by the same favour, be restored to that

II.

It once had got a stately wick,
 When in its patent candlestick,
 The Revolution put it :
 As white as wax we saw it shine
 Thro' two whole lengths of BRUNSWICK'S line,
 Till B— first dar'd to smut it.

III.

Since then—but wherefore tell the tale ?
 Enough, that now it burneth pale,
 And sorely wastes its tallow :
 Nay, if thy poet rightly weens,
 (Tho' little skill'd in ways and means)
 Its Save-all is but shallow.

that title, which, upon my honour, I believe, she has erroneously, and not intentionally, forfeited.

I have only to add, that now, when the public is in possession of my real name, it will not, I hope, suffer any national prejudice to prevent it from receiving this my first lyrical attempt with its former candour. But I must needs say, that if this Ode does not sell as well as Mr. CUMBERLAND'S, I shall be apt to impute it, not to any inferiority of lyrical ordonnance, but merely to its having been written by a Scotchman.

Knightbridge, May 6th, 1776.

IV. Come

IV.

Come then, ingenious artist, come,
 And put thy finger and thy thumb
 Into each polish'd handle ;
 On thee alone our hopes depend,
 Thy King's, and eke thy Country's friend,
 To trim Old England's candle.

V.

But first we pray, for its relief,
 Pluck from its wick each Tory thief,
 It else must quickly rue it ;
 * While N— and M— sputter there,
 Thou'lt ne'er prevent, with all thy care,
 The melting of the fuel.

VI.

There's Twitcher too, that old he-witch,
 Sticks in its bole as black as pitch,

* These initials, like those in the Banns of Marriage published between N. and M. may be fill'd up at the reader's pleasure.
 Vide Common Prayer Book.

‡ And

‡ And makes a filthy pether ;
When curs'd with such a sorry fiend,
And lighted too at either end,
'Twill soon be in a smother,

VII.

I fear me much, in such a plight,
Those tapers blest would lose their light,
Canadian fanes that deck ;
Which pious—*—ordains to blaze,
And gild with their establish'd rays,
Our Lady of Quebec.

VIII.

§ His arms, thou hallow'd image ! bless,
And surely thou canst do no less,
He is thy Faith's Defender ;
Thou ow'st thy place to him alone,
As other Jacobites have done,
And not to the Pretender.

IX.

Haste then, and quash the hot turmoil,
That flames in Boston's angry soil,

‡ Our ingenious Inventor's Snuffers are peculiarly calculated to remedy this evil, to which indeed all candles are more or less subject. See the Patentee's Advertisement.

§ It is humbly presumed, that the classical reader will here perceive a boldness of transition only to be equalled by PINDAR, and perhaps by HORACE in some of his sublimer Odes.

And

And frights the mother-nation :
 Know, Lady ! if its rage you stop,
 Pinchbeck shall send you, from his shop,
 A most superb oblation.

X.

His patent-snuffers, in a dish
 Of burnish'd gold ; if more you wish,
 His Cyclops shall bestir
 Their brawny stumps, and for thy sake,
 Of Pinchbeck's own mixt-metal make
 A huge Extinguisher.

XI.

To form the mass ———, thy zeal
 Shall furnish that well-temper'd steel,
 Thou didst at Minden brandish ;
 Nor yet shall G ———'s reverend Dean,
 Counting its worth, refuse, I ween,
 His ponderous leaden standish.

XII.

Poor Doctor Johnson, I'm afraid,
 Can give but metaphoric aid ;

His

His style's case-harden'd graces !
 M'Pherson, without shame, or fear,
 Sir John Dalrymple, and Shebbeare
 Shall melt their brazen faces.

XIII.

And sure, this mixt metallic stuff,
 Will yield materials large enough
 To mold the mighty cone ;
 But how transport it, when 'tis cast
 Across the deep Atlantic vast,
 'Twill weigh some thousand stone ?

XIV.

" Leave that to me," our Lady cries,
 " Howe'er gigantic be its size,
 " I have a scheme in petto :
 " I'll fly with it from shore to shore,
 " Safe as my footy sifter bore
 " Her cottage to Loretto.

XV.

" Swift to the Congress with my freight
 " I'll speed, and on their heads its weight

" Soufe

" Soufe with fuch skill and care ;
 " That PUT'NAM, WASHINGTON beneath,
 " And gasping LEE fhall wifh to breathe
 " † A pint of PRIESTLEY's air.

XVI.

" The deed is done, thy foes are dead,
 " No longer, England, fhalt thou dread
 " Such Prefbyterean huffers ;
 " Thy candle's radiance ne'er fhall fade,
 " With now and then a little aid
 " From PINCHBECK's patent fnuffers."

† This great Philofopher has lately difcovered a method of fabricating a new fpecies of air, of fo infinitely fuperior falubrity and duration to that vulgar atmofpherical air, which, for want of better, we have been obliged to breathe for upwards of five thoufand years, that it is to be fupposed that no Macaroni, Savoir Vivre, or, in plain Englifh, nobody that knows what's what, will in future condefcend to refpire any air that is not fealed with the Doctor's own arms, and figned with his own hand writing. It is to be feared, however, that his pneumatic vials will be liable to be counterfeited, as our philofopher has not intereft enough at court to procure a patent. Indeed, were fuch a patent granted, it might fupersede Mr. PINCHBECK's ; becaufe that in this air a candle is found to burn fo bright and continued a flame, that it could never want fnuffing.

See Vol. II. of Dr. Prieftley's Experiments on Air.

AN EPISTLE

TO DR. SHEBBEARE :

TO WHICH IS ADDED AN ODE TO SIR FLETCHER
NORTON, IN IMITATION OF HORACE, ODE
VIII. BOOK IV.

BY MALCOLM MACGREGGOR, OF KNIGHTS-BRIDGE,
ESQ. AUTHOR OF THE HEROIC EPISTLE TO
SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, &c. *

O For a thousand tongues ! and every tongue
Like Johnson's, arm'd with words of six feet
long,

* A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Though I look upon this Poem, in point of elevation of diction and sublimity of sentiment, to be as highly heroical, as my Epistle to Sir William Chambers, yet I have not thought proper to add that epithet to it on the title-page. I am willing to wish that first production of my muse may preserve the distinction which it now possesses, of being called, The Heroic Epistle, par excellence. Besides this consideration, the different ranks of the two persons, to whom these two works are addressed, require a difference to be made in this matter; and it would be unpardonable in me not to discriminate between a Comptroller of his Majesty's Works, and the Hackney Scribbler of a Newspaper; between a Placeman and a Pensioner, a Knight of the Polar Star, and a broken Apothecary.

Ver. 2. Words of six feet long.] Sescquipedalia verba. Hor.

In

In multitudinous vociferation
 To panegyricize this glorious nation,
 Whose liberty results from her taxation. }
 O, for that passive pensionary spirit, }
 That by its prostitution proves its merit!
 That rests on RIGHT DIVINE, all regal claims,
 And gives to George, whate'er it gave to James :
 Then should my Tory numbers, old Shebbeare, 10
 Tickle the tatter'd fragment of thy ear !
 Then all that once was virtuous, wise, or brave,
 That quell'd a tyrant, that abhorr'd a slave,
 Then Sydney's, Russel's patriot flame should fall,
 Besmear'd with mire, like black Dabrymple's gall, 15
 Then, like thy prose shall my felonious verse
 Tear each immortal plume from Nassau's hearse,
 That modern monarchs, in that plumage gay,
 Might stare and strut, the peacocks of a day.

Ver. 11. Tickle the tatter'd fragment.] Churchill, alluding to this capital anecdote in our Doctor's life, says, in his poem called *The Author*,

The whole intent

Of that parade, was fame, not punishment.

Intimating that his ears received no detriment in the pillory. My friend intimates, that they did. However, if my intimation be false, it is easily refuted: the Doctor has only to expose his ears again to the public, and the real fact will be flagrant.

C 2

But

But I, like Ansty, feel myself unfit 20
 To run, with hollow speed, two heats of wit.
 He, at first starting won both fame and money,
 The betts ran high on Bladud's Ciceronè ;
 Since distanced quite, like a gall'd jade he winces,
 And lashes unknown priests, and praises well-known
 princes. 25

So I, when first I tun'd th' heroic lay
 Gain'd Pownall's praise, as well as Almon's pay.
 In me the nation plac'd its tuneful hope,
 Its second Churchill, or at least its Pope :

Ver. 23. Bladud's Ciceronè.] Anglice, Bath Guide.

Ver. 25. Lashes unknown priests. Without a note posterity will never understand this line. Two or three years ago this gentleman found himself libelled in a newspaper ; and, on suspecting a certain clergyman to be the author, he wrote first a canto of a poem, called the Priest Dissected, in which he prepared all chirurgical matters previous to the operation. In the mean time the parson proved an alibi, and saved his bacon. To this first and unique canto, the author prefixed a something in which he exculpated himself from being the author of the Heroic Epistle, which it seems had been laid to his charge during the time the clan of Macgreggors continued without a name, and which, as the world well knows, was the only reason which prevented me from claiming the merit of that production. It is to this something, that the latter part of the line alludes. For in it he had told the public, that his Majesty had ten children, which it knew very well before. Hence the epithet well-known.

Proudly

Proudly I prick'd along, Sir William's squire, 30
 Bade kings recite my strains, and queens admire ;
 Chaste maids of honour prais'd my stout endeavour,
 Sir Thomas swore " The fellow was damn'd
 " clever."

But popularity, alas ! has wings
 And flits as soon from poets as from kings. 35
 My pompous Postscript found itself disdain'd
 As much as Milton's Paradise Regain'd —
 And when I dar'd the Patent Snuffers handle,
 To trim, with Pinchy's aid, Old England's candle,
 The lyric muse, so lame was her condition, 40
 Could hardly hop beyond a third edition.
 Yes, 'tis a general truth, and strange as true,
 (Kenrick shall prove it in his next Review)
 That no one bard, in these degenerate days,
 Can write two works deserving equal praise. 45
 Whether the matter of which minds are made
 Be grown of late mephitic and decay'd,
 Or wants phlogiston, I forbear to say,
 The problem's more in Doctor Priestley's way.
 He knows of spirit the material whole, 50
 For Priestly has the cure of Sh-lb—e's soul,
 Enough

Ver. 33. Sir Thomas.] The Petronius of the present age needs not the addition of a surname to make the world certain who is meant by this appellation.

Ver. 51. The cure of Sh-lb—ne's Soul.] It is not here insinuated, that the soul in question wants curing. The word

Enough of souls, unless we waste a line,
 Shebbeare! to pay a compliment to thine:
 Which forg'd, of old, of strong Hibernian brass,
 Shines thro' the Paris plaister of thy face, 55
 And bronzes it, secure from shame, or sense,
 To the flat glare of finish'd impudence.

Wretch! that from Slander's filth art ever gleaning,
 Spite without spirit, malice without meaning;
 The same abusive, base, abandon'd thing, 60
 When pilloried, or pension'd by a King.
 Old as thou art, methinks, 'twere sage advice,
 That N--th should call thee off from hunting Price.
 Some-younger blood-hound of his bawling pack
 Might forer gall his presbyterian back. 65
 Thy toothless jaws should free thee from the fight:
 Thou canst but mumble, when thou mean'st to
 bite.

Say, then, to give a requiem to thy toils,
 What if my muse array'd her in thy spoils?
 And took the field for thee, thro' pure good-na-
 ture; 70
 Courts prais'd by thee, are curs'd beyond her satire.

cure is here put for care, in the sense in which ecclesiastical lawyers use *cura animarum*.

Ver. 63. From hunting Price.] See a series of wretched letters, written by Shebbeare, in the Public Advertiser, and other papers.

Yet,

Yet, when she pleases, she can deal in praise :
 Exempli gratia, hear her fluent lays
 Extol the present, the propitious hour,
 When Europe, trembling at Britannia's power, 75
 Bids all her princes, with pacific care,
 Keep neutral distance, while she wings the war
 Cross the Atlantic vast ; in dread array,
 Herself to vanquish in America.
 Where soon, we trust, the brother chiefs shall see 80
 The Congress pledge them in a cup of tea,
 Toast peace and plenty to their mother nation,
 Give three huzzas to George and to taxation,
 And beg, to make their loyal hearts the lighter,
 He'd send them o'er Dean T--k-r, with a mitre. 85
 In Fancy's eye, I ken them from afar
 Circled with feather wreaths, unstain'd by tar :
 In place of laurels, these shall bind their brow,
 Fame, honour, virtue, all are feathers now.
 Ev'n beauty's self, unfeather'd, if we spy, 90
 Is hideous to our Macaroni eye.

Foolish the bard, who, in such flimsy times,
 Would load with satire or with sense his rhymes :
 No, let my numbers flutter light in air,
 As careless as the filken Gossamer.

Or, should I, playful, lift the muse's scourge,
 Thy cocks should lend their tails, my cocking
 G-----,

To make the rod. So fear not thou the fong ;
 To whip a post, I ne'er will waste a thong.
 Were I inclin'd to punish courtly tools, 100
 I'd lash the knaves before I flap the fools.
 Gigantic vice should on my ordeal burn,
 Long ere it came to thy poor pigmy turn.

But sure 'tis best, whate'er rash Whigs may say,
 To sleep within a whole skin, while one may ; 105
 For Whigs are mighty prone to run stark mad,
 If credence in A--hb----ps may be had.
 Therefore I'll keep within discretion's rule,
 And turn true Tory of the M-----d school.
 So shall I 'scape that creature's tyger paw, 110
 Which some call Liberty, and some call Law :
 Whose whale-like mouth is of that savage shape,
 Whene'er his long-rob'd shewman bids him gape,
 With tusks so strong, with grinders so tremendous,
 And such a length of gullet, Heaven defend us ! 115

Ver. 97. My cocking G-----.] A great cock-fighter, and little senator, who, in the last Parliament, called the Heroic Postscript a libel.

Ver. 111. Which some call Liberty.] With courtiers and churchmen the terms are synonymous. See a late Sermon.

That

That should you peep into the red-raw track,
 'Twould make your cold flesh creep upon your
 back.

A maw like that, what mortal may withstand?
 'Twould swallow all the poets in the land.

Come, then, Shebbeare! and hear thy bard
 deliver 120

Unpaid-for praises to thy pension-giver.
 Hear me, like T--k-r, swear, "so help me muse!"
 I write not for preferment's golden views.
 But hold—'tis on thy province to intrude:
 I would be loyal, but would not be rude. 125
 To thee, my veteran, I his fame consign;
 Take thou St. James's, be St. Stephen's mine.

Hail, genial hot-bed! whose prolific soil
 So well repays all North's perennial toil,
 Whence he can raise, if want or whim inclines, 130
 A crop of votes, as plentiful as pines.
 Wet-nurse of tavern-waiters and Nabobs,
 That empties first, and after fills their fobs:
 (As Pringle, to procure a sane secretion,
 Purges the primæ viæ of repletion.) 135

Ver. 122. Like T--k-r swear.] The reverend Dean took a
 solemn oath in one of his late pamphlets, that he would not be
 a bishop.

What scale of metaphor shall Fancy raise,
To climb the heights of thy stupendous praise?

Thrice has the fun commenc'd his annual ride,
Since full of years and praise, thy mother died.
'Twas then I saw thee, with exulting eyes, 140
A second Phoenix, from her ashes rise;
Mark'd all the graces of thy loyal crest,
Sweet with the perfume of its parent nest.
Rare chick ! How worthy of all court caresses,
How soft, how echo-like, it chirp'd addresses. 145
Proceed, I cry'd, thy full fledg'd plumes unfold,
Each true-blue feather shall be tipt with gold ;
Ordain'd thy race of future fame to run,
To do, what'er thy mother left undone.
In all her smooth, obsequious paths proceed, 150
For, know, poor opposition wants a head.
With horn and hound her truant school boys roam,
And for a fox-chace quit St. Stephen's dome,
Forgetful of their grandfire Nimrod's plan,
" A mighty hunter, but his prey was man." 155
The rest, at crowded Almack's, nightly bett,
To stretch their own beyond the nation's debt.

Ver. 155. A mighty hunter.] A line of Mr. Pope's. If our younger senators would take the hint, and now and then hunt a minister instead of a fox, they might perhaps find some fun in it.

Vote

Vote then secure ; the needful millions raise,
 That fill the privy-purse with means and ways.
 And do it quickly too, to shew your breeding, 160
 The weazel Scots are hungry, and want feeding.
 Nor need you wait for that more plenteous season,
 When mad America is brought to reason.
 Obsequious Ireland, at her sifter's claim,
 (Sister or step-dame, call her either name) 165
 Shall pour profusely her Pactolian tide,
 Nor leave her native patriots unsupply'd.

Earl N-----t fung, while yet but simple Clare,
 That wretched Ireland had no gold to spare.

How

Ver. 161. The weazel Scots.] It is not I, but Shakespeare, that gives my countrymen this epithet. See *Hen. V. Act 1. scene 2.*

For once the eagle England being in prey,

To her unguarded nest the weazel Scot

Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs, &c.

Ver. 168. Earl N-----t fung.] The intellect not only of posterity, but of the present reader, must here again be enlightened by a note : for this song was sung about two years ago, and is consequently forgotten. Yet if the reader will please to recollect how easily I brought to life Sir William Chambers's prose dissertation which had been dead half that time, he will, I hope, give me credit for being able to recover this dead poem from oblivion also. It was sent to her Majesty on her birth-day, with a present of Irish grammar ; and the newspaper of the day said (but I know not how truly) that the Queen was graciously pleased to thank the noble author for both his pieces of stuff.

How couldst thou, simple Clare ! that ill abuse, 170
 Which prompts and pays thy linsley-woolsey must ?
 Mistaken peer, her treasures ne'er can cease,
 Did she not long pay Viry for our peace ?
 Say, did she not, till rang the royal knell,
 Irradiate vestal Majesty at Zell ? 175
 Sure then she might afford, to my poor thinking,
 One golden tumbler, for Queen Charlotte's
 drinking.

I care not, if her hinds on fens and rocks,
 Ne'er roast one shoulder of their fatted flocks,

Shall

The poet's exordium seemed to have been taken from that very Ode in Horace which I have also attempted to imitate in this pamphlet. It began by assuring her Majesty, that Ireland was too poor to present her with a piece of gold plate.

Could poor Lorne gifts afford,

Worthy the consort of her lord.

Of purest gold a sculpter'd frame,

Just emblem of her zeal, should flame.

This supposed poverty of his native country struck me at the time as a mere gratis-dictum. I have therefore, from verse 180 to verse 186 of this epistle, endeavoured to refute it, for the honour of Ireland.

Ver. 178. I care not, &c.] Alluding to these lines in the same poem :

Where staving hinds from fens and rocks,

View pastures rich with herds and flocks,

And only view— forbid to taste, &c.

And in a note on the passage, he tells us that these hinds ne-

ver

Shall Irish hands to mutton make pretensions? 180
 Be theirs potatoes, and be ours their pensions.
 If they refuse, great North, by me advis'd,
 Enact, that each potatoe be excis'd.

Ah! hadst thou, North, adopted this sage plan,
 And scorn'd to tax each British serving-man, 185
 Thy friend Macgreggor, when he came to town,
 (As poets should do) in his chaise and one,
 Had seen his foot-boy Sawney, once his pride,
 On stunt Scotch poney trotting by his side,
 With frock of fustian, and with cape of red, 190
 Nor grudg'd the guinea tax'd upon his head.
 But, tush, I heed not—for my country's good
 I'll pay it—it will purchase Yankee blood—
 And well I ween, for this heroic lay,
 Almon will give me wherewithal to pay. 195

Tax then, ye greedy ministers, your fill :
 No matter, if with ignorance or skill.
 Be ours to pay, and that's an easy task,
 In these blest times to have is but to ask.
 Ye know, whate'er is from the public press, 200
 Will sevenfold sink into your private chest.

ver eat animal food ; but says not one word about potatoes, that
 most nutritious of all aliments, which is surely very disingenuous.

For

For he, the nursing father, that receives,
 Full freely tho' he takes, as freely gives.
 So when great Cox, at his mechanic call,
 Bids orient pearls from golden dragons fall, 205
 Each little dragonet, with brazen grin,
 Gapes for the precious prize, and gulps it in.
 Yet when we peep behind the magic scene,
 One master-wheel directs the whole machine :
 The self-same pearls, in nice gradation, all 210
 Around one common centre rise and fall.
 Thus may our state-museum long surprize;
 And what is sunk by votes—in bribes arise ;
 Till mock'd and jaded with the puppet-play,
 Old England's genius turns with scorn away, 215
 Ascends his sacred bark, the sails unfurl'd,
 And steers his state to the wide western world :
 High on the helm majestic Freedom stands,
 In act of cold contempt she waves her hands—
 Take, slaves, she cries, the realms that I disown, 220
 Renounce your birth-right, and destroy my throne.

Ver. 211. Around one common centre.] I was let into this
 secret by my late patron, Sir William Chambers ; who, as Mr.
 Cox's automata were very much in the Chinese taste, was very
 curious to discover their mechanism. I must do the Knight the
 justice to own that some of my best things are borrowed from
 him.

O D E

O D E
TO SIR FLETCHER NORTON,
IN IMITATION OF
H O R A C E,
ODE VIII. BOOK IV.

Q. HORATII FLACCI,

CARMEN VIII. LIB. IV.

DONAREM pateras, a grataque commodus,

Cenforine, meis æra sodalibus :

Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium

Graiorum : neque tu pessima munerum,

Ferres, divite me scilicet artium,

5

Quas aut b Parrhasius protulit, aut Scopas ;

Hic faxo, liquidis ille coloribus

Solers c nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.

Sed d non hæc mihi vis ; nec e tibi talium

Res est aut animus deliciarum egens.

10

Gaudes

HORACE, ODE VIII. BOOK IV.

IMITATED.

MUSE! were we rich in land, or stocks,
 We'd send Sir Fletcher a a gold box;
 Who lately, to the world's surprize,
 Advis'd his Sovereign to be wise.
 The zeal of cits shou'd ne'er surpass us,
 We'd make him Speaker of Parnassus.
 Or could I boast the mimic eye
 Of ^b Townshend, or of Bunbury,
 Whose art can catch, in comic guise,
 "The manners living as they rise,"
 And find it the same easy thing
 To ^c hit a Jollux or a king;
 I'd hangings weave, in Fancy's loom,
 For Lady Norton's dressing room.

But ^d arts like these I don't pursue,
 Nor ^e does Sir Fletcher heed virtue.
 Enough for me in these hard times,
 When ev'ry thing is tax'd but rhymes,

Line 12. A Jollux.] A phrase used by the bon ton for a fat parson. See a set of excellent Caricatures published by Bretherton, in New Bond-street.

To

Gandes carminibus : f carmina possumus

Donare, g & pretium dicere muneri.

Non h incisa notis marmora publicis,

Per i quæ spiritus & vita redit bonis

Post mortem ducibus : k non celeres fugæ, 25

Rejectæque retrorsum Annibalis minæ,

Non incendia Carthagenis impiæ,

Ejus, qui domitæ nomen ab Africâ

Lucratus rediit, clarius indicant

Ver. 11. *Guades carminibus.*] The imitator found himself obliged to deviate in this place a little further from his original, than perhaps the strict critic will tolerate. But as he was not quite so certain of Sir Fletcher's fondness for poetry, as Horace seems to have been about the taste of Censorinus, he thought it best to express himself with a modest diffidence on that subject.

Laudes,

To f tag a few of these together :
 Tho' I am quite uncertain, whether 20
 My verse will much rejoice the knight,
 As g great a store as I fet by't.
 For verse, (I'd have Sir Fletcher know it)
 When written by a genuine poet,
 Has more of meaning and intent, 25
 Than h modern acts of Parliament.

'Tis i fit and right, when heroes die,
 The nation should a tomb supply ;
 Yet, not the votes of both the houses,
 Without th' assistance of the muses, 30
 Can give that permanence of fame
 That heroes from their country claim.
 And tell me pray, to our good King,
 What fame our present broils can bring,
 Ev'n k should the Howes (which some folks
 doubt) 35
 Put Washington to total rout,
 Unless his Treasurer in an ode,
 Exalt the victor to a god.

What

Ver. 37. Unless his Treasurer.] The late promotion of
 a poet to the treasurership of the houthold, must necessarily
 give to all true votaries of the muses (as it does to me) great
 delectation. 'Tis whispered, by some people in the secret,
 that the very pacific cast of the Laureat's birth-day ode, oc-
 casioned

Laudes, quam Calabræ¹ Pierides : neque

20

Si chartæ fileant quod benè feceris

Mercedem tuleris.

Quid foret Ilia

Mavortisque m puer, si taciturnitas

Obstaret meritis invida Romuli ?

25

Ereptum n stygius suctibus Æacum

Virtus, & favor, & o lingua potentium

Vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.

Digaum.

What tho' Earl Temple got a name,
By making John the Painter peach
Himself, for Bristol's impious flame.

44

Will all the Jackals of Jack Ketch
Be proud to call the Peer their brother,
If Fame that bright transaction smother?

A man, I know, may get a pension
Without the muse's intervention :

45

Yet what are pensions to the praise
Wrapt up in ¹ Caledonian lays ?
Say, Johnson ! where had been ^m Fingal,

But for Macpherfon's great assistance ?
The chieftan had been nought at all,

50

A non-existing non-existence.

Mac, like a ⁿ poet stout and good,
First ^o plung'd, then pluck'd him from Oblivion's
flood,

And bade him bluster at his ease,
Among the fruitful Hebrides.

55

casioned the noble bard's exaltation ; as it was thought expedient to have another poetical placeman in readiness to celebrate the final overthrow of the American rebels. Nay, it is assured, that a reverfionary grant of the office of laureat has in this instance been superadded to the treasurership, yet with the defalcation of the annual butt of sack, which the Lord Steward calculates will be a considerable saving to the nation.

A

Dignum Laude virum Musa p vetat mori,

Cælo, q Musa beat. Sic r Jovis interest

30

Optatis epulis impiger Hercules :

Clarum s Tyndaridæ fidus ab infimis

Quassas t eripiunt æquoribus rates :

Ornatus viridi tempora pampino

Liber u vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

35

A P common poet can revive
 The man who once has been alive :
 But Mac revives, by magic power,
 The man who never liv'd before. 60

Such hocus-pocus tricks, I own,
 Belong to Gallic bards alone.
 My 9 muse would think her power enough,
 Could she make some folks fever-proof ;
 Dub them immortal from their birth, 65
 And give them all their heaven on earth ;
 Then ' Doctor K—, that broad divine,
 With lords and dukes should ever dine ;
 Post, prate, and preach, for years on years,
 And puff himself in Gazetteers. 70
 Sandwich for aye, should shine ' the star,
 Propitious to our naval war ;
 Caulk all our vessels' ' leaky sides,
 And in the docks work double tides.
 While Stormont, ' grac'd with ribband green, 75
 Keeps France from mixing in the riot,
 Till Britain's lion vents his spleen,
 And tears his rebel whelps in quiet,

THE

THE DEAN AND THE SQUIRE.

A POLITICAL ECLOGUE: HUMBL Y DEDICATED
TO SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

“ REMEMBER that the principles, for which the WHIGS
“ struggle, are the foundation of our present Government,
“ which they apprehend to be undermined, whenever Tory
| “ maxims are openly avowed.”

Address to the Cocoa-Tree.
Written in the year 1763.

BY THE SAME.

[A CARD. The Author presents his best respects to the Reader, and begs that he would do him the favour to read the two first heads of Mr. Jenyns's seventh Disquisition, before he cuts open this pamphlet, that he may perceive the full force of the allusions here made to that wonderful performance.

If the delicacy of some readers should be offended at the broadness of the jest in the following Eclogue, he is willing, like the ingenious author of the Walloons, to submit to correction, a correction to which, if he finds himself justly obnoxious, he shall withdraw the passages, and own himself both edified and flattered by it. * Nay, he does not know (if his Bookseller will agree to it) but he shall, for the future, only write sentimentally.]

* See an article in a late news-paper.

D E D I.

D E D I C A T I O N,

TO SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

S I R,

WHEN I lately read your Disquisition on Government and Civil Liberty, it gave me much concern to find, that you had not written it in verse. Such images and such sentiments, such wit and such arguments, were surely too good to be wasted on prose. And you who have written verse so long, and with so much facility, are highly inexcusable for not having employed that talent on so important an occasion as the present, when you had taken upon you to confute “so many absurd
 “principles concerning government and liberty,
 “which have of late been diffeminatèd with un-
 “usual industry;” principles, let me add, which were still more industriously diffeminatèd at the Revolution by Locke, at the Accession by Hoadley, and a hundred years before either, by Hooker; “principles, which you say, are as false as
 “mischievous, as inconsistent with common sense
 “as with all human society, and which re-
 Vol. II. D “quire

“ quire nothing more than to be fairly stated, to
“ be refuted.”

The pious poet, Herbert, I think tells us, that
“ A verse may catch him, who a sermon flies.”

Why then should you discard verse, when you intend to catch such careless readers as would be apt to fly a sermon? Why, by dividing your discourse into five methodical heads, should you make it appear as formal as the gravest pulpit-lecture ever delivered by old bishop Beveridge, or young bishop Bagot? I protest, Mr. Jenyns, I cannot account for this strange proceeding.

However, that such sort of readers may read you, I have attempted to do that for your benefit and theirs which you would not do for them, or for yourself: and unequal as I am to the task, have dressed up your two first, and as I think, principal topics, in as easy and fashionable metre as I was capable of writing. I know you would have done this much better. But, as my work is but a fragment, I am not without my hopes, that what I have done may be a spur to your indolence, and that you may be tempted not only to correct, but complete it.

But

But when I say that I have verified you, I take a pride in boasting, that I am not your mere verifier. I take a pleasure too in owning, that you yourself led me to attempt a nobler species of composition. I had read, some years ago, your very delectable Eclogue of The 'Squire and the Parson, written on occasion of that glorious peace, the honour of making which, is to be inscribed one day (may it be a late one!) on the mausoleum of the Earl of Bute. This, Sir, led me to think of giving my present performance a dramatic cast, so far as an Eclogue can possess that title. On this idea, having resolved to make you my TITYRUS, I had not far to seek for a MELIBŒUS. A brother writer, who has of late endeavoured to disseminate principles, similar to some of yours, with unusual, though abortive industry, immediately occurred to my imagination. And as immediately I resolved to read his more elaborate treatise, in order to enable me to execute my plan with greater exactitude, and better preservation of sentiment and character.

Although I must own, that this exertion of my patience cost me many a yawn, yet I found, to my great satisfaction, that this writer allowed for true, what you hold to be false, those ~~two~~ first principles of Mr. Locke, that men are equal, and

D 2

that

that men are free *. I concluded, therefore, that he was a very proper person to dispute those points with you. Accordingly, without farther ceremonial, I set you both down, not indeed sub tegmine fagi, but, for the sake of the costume, in a sang town coffee-house, and there entered you fairly into debate.

If, on your part, Sir, I have ever done more than elucidated any of those assertions, which you call arguments, I humbly ask your pardon: and on the Dean's, if I have made him a little too lively and spiritual, I as humbly ask his. I know nothing does so much harm to an ecclesiastic, in the road of preferment, as the bare suspicion of being witty. But, as the Divine in question has long been a dean, and has sworn that he will never be a bishop, I hope no great harm is done.

That you may long remain on the illustrious List of Pensioners, even after the useful Board, from which you derive that right, shall be no more; that, having changed from Tory to Whig in the ministry of the Duke of Newcastle, from Whig to Tory under those, or rather that of Lords Bute and North, you may now again change from Tory to Whig

* See Tucker on Government, ch. 1st.

under

under the New Administration :—and (since we have it on very eloquent evidence, that it is now the fashion for persons of the greatest consequence to be no longer in shackles) that you may soon cease to be encumbered with your present slavish principles, is the sincere and fervent wish of,

S I R,

Your most obsequious servant,

MALCOLM MAC-GREGGOR.

KNIGHTSBROOK,
 * May 1st, 1882.

D.

THE

T H E
D E A N A N D T H E ' S Q U I R E .

IN Coffee-house of good account,
Not far from Bond-street, call'd The Mount,
Soame Jenyns met the Dean of Gloucester;
And, as they sat in lounging posture,
Each on his bench, and face to face, 2
The Dean began in tone of base :
While Jenyns, in his treble key,
Replied with much alacrity.
Repeat, my muse, th' alternate strains,
That flow'd from these Arcadian swains, 10
Who both were equally alert
Or to deny, or to assert.

D E A N .

'Squire Jenyns, since with like intent,
We both have writ on Government,
And both stand stubborn as a rock 15
Against the principles of Locke,
Let us, like brother meeting brother,
Compare our notes with one another.
'Tis true, I've not had time to look,
Tho' much I wish'd it, in your book. 20

Ver. 10. ————— Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, & respondere parati.—VIRG.

'SQUIRE.

'S Q U I R E.

Doctor, my book is quickly read.

D E A N.

I'd other crotchets in my head.

But you, I guess, have studied mine.

'S Q U I R E.

No, to my shame, not ev'n a line.

D E A N.

That's something strange—yet fortunate;

25

For now on par we shall debate.

'S Q U I R E.

True. Who to play at whist regards,

When he, that deals, has seen the cards?

D E A N.

Well put. First then, 'tis fit, I deem,

You tell me how you treat your theme.

30

'S Q U I R E.

I controvert those five positions,

Which Whigs pretend are the conditions

Ver. 22.] The Dean had been employed in writing his Cui Bono? to Mons. Neckar, which is said, by persons who have read it, to contain many curious crotchets. Cui Bono?

Of civil rule and liberty ;
 That men are equal born—and free—
 That kings derive their lawful sway 35
 All from the people's yea and nay—
 That compact is the only ground,
 On which a Prince his rights can found—
 Lastly, I scout that idle notion,
 That government is put in motion, 40
 And stopt again, like clock or chime,
 Just as we want them to keep time.

DEAN.

Shblood ! do you controvert them all ?

SQUIRE.

Indeed I do, Sir, great and small.

DEAN.

You're a bold man, my master Jenyns, 45
 And have good right to count your winnings,
 If you succeed.—But I, who dare
 As much as most, to go so far
 Had not the courage, I assure ye,
 Tho' I suborn'd a Tory jury. 50

SQUIRE.

Ver. 50.] Before the Dean published his elaborate treatise, he printed it first only for the perusal of certain friends, who were either Tories from principle or discretion. It may therefore reasonably be supposed, that (in Milton's phrase) it numbered many choice

'S Q U I R E.

That men were equal born at first,
 I hold of all whig lies the worst.
 But yet, if only this they mean,
 That you and I, good Mr. Dean,
 Were equally produced, 'tis true; 55
 For I was born as much as much as you.
 But now, comparing size and strength,
 Our body's bulk, or nose's length,
 The periwigs, that grace our pate,
 My little wit, your learning great, 60
 We find, we are unequal quite.

D E A N.

My honest friend, you're too polite.
 Your wit, Lord Hardwicke deigns to own,
 Surpasses every wit's in town :
 And none e'er doubted Hardwicke's taste, 65
 Who e'er were bid to Hardwicke's feast.
 But yet, I fear at this arch quibble
 The Lockians will do more than nibble.

choice intellects among our great churchmen. The mitred au-
 thor of the letter to the Cocoa-Tree, (written at the commence-
 ment of Lord Bute's administration) from which I have taken my
 motto, was amongst these personages; and it is not to be doubted,
 but it would receive many improvements from his adroit and
 masterly hand,

D 5

They

They say, and with them I agree,
 That, as to men's equality,
 It rests on native rights they have,
 Not to become another's slave ;
 Or tamely bear a tyrant's yoke :
 This truth you parry with a joke.

70

S Q U I R E.

Jokes, Mr. Dean, I'd have you know,
 Have parried many a stouter blow.

75

Ver. 73.] The passage in Mr. Locke's treatise, which the Dean here alludes to, seems to be this: " Though I said that all
 " men are by nature equal, I cannot be supposed to understand all
 " sorts of equality : age or virtue may give men a just prece-
 " dency : excellency of parts and merit may place others above
 " the common level : birth may subject some, and alliance or
 " benefits, others, to pay an observance to those, to whom nature,
 " gratitude, or other respects may have made it due : and yet all
 " this consists with the equality, which all men are in, in re-
 " spect of jurisdiction or dominion one over another : which was
 " the equality I there (ch. 2d.) spoke of, as proper to the business
 " in hand, being that equal right, that every man hath, to his
 " natural freedom, without being subjected to the will or autho-
 " rity of any other man." Ch. VI. sect. 54. To this the Dean
 accedes in his first chapter. " First then, I agree with Mr. Locke
 " and his disciples, that there is a sense, in which it may be said,
 " that no man is born the political subject of another.

A.

A joke like this, as I conceive,
Is Reason's representative,
Who, vested with his rights, is sent
To disputation's parliament.

84

DEAN.

Yet scorns, like some they patriots call,
To vote, as he instructs, at all.

'SQUIRE.

Sometimes he may—but to proceed—
All men at birth, it is agreed,
Have equal learning, wit and power,
Though, at Lucina's squalling hour,
The new-born babe, in nurse's lap,
Have only power to suck her pap.
Good heavens! to talk of wit and learning
In infants void of all discerning,
Is just as if these Whigs disputed,
As most fools do, to be confuted,
Whether their teeth, in breadth and length,
Had equal size, and equal strength;
When, bless each little slobbering mouth,
It had not cut a fingle tooth.

85

90

95

DEAN.

Your instance, I confess, is pretty:
I wish it were as apt as witty.

D 6

'SQUIRE.

'SQUIRE.

But let us give them all they ask,
 Their equal birth, a harder task 100
 I think remains behind, to prove
 That men thro' life must equal move;
 None e'er assume a jot of power
 More than he had at natal hour.
 Strange doctrine this! ye Whigs, shall none 105
 Be long and lank as Jenkinson,
 None grow to full six feet or more,
 Because some only measure four?
 Or, because Hunter cannot treat us
 With different size of same-ag'd foetus? 110
 Thus, Mr. Dean, the point I've prov'd:
 And, if your Reverence is so mov'd,
 You'll find, with like facility
 I prove they all are not born free.

DEAN.

My sprightly 'Squire, if this be proving, 115
 Then billing is the whole of loving.
 Dame Logic knows, whene'er I meet her,
 With more substantial sport I treat her.
 These Whigs will answer your demand
 With saying, all they understand 120
 By power is, "That alone is just,
 "Which to a few the rest entrust;

" And

" And to assume without assent,
 " Is force, not legal government."
 As to your simile of size, 125
 They'll say your brains are in your eyes.
 But now go on.

'S Q U I R E.

Their next assertion
 You'll find afford me more diversion.
 For how should men be e'er born free,
 When to be born is slavery, 130
 An imposition in itself.
 Do parents ask the little elf,
 Ere they beget him, his good leave
 Or to beget, or to conceive?
 Or does he approbation give 135
 By self, or representative?

Ver. 124.] So Locke. " Government, into whatsoever hands
 " it is put, being intrusted with this condition, and for this end,
 " that men might have and secure their properties; the prince or
 " senate, however it may have power to make laws for the re-
 " gulating of property between the subjects' one amongst another,
 " yet can never have a power to take to themselves the whole or
 " any part of the Subjects property without their own consent,
 " for this would be in effect to leave them no property at all."
 Ch. XI. sec. 139.

DEAN.

D E A N.

Yet, when begot, in my opinion,
 He's then the heir to self-dominion ;
 Has right both to be born and bred,
 To suck the breast—

140

'S Q U I R E.

[And p— his bed.

D E A N.

He has. Nay more, I'd have you know,
 Protection, while in embryo,
 Is his, e'er you can justly date
 His quasi-compact with the state.
 Once, Sir, I knew a pious lady,
 Who, just as she was getting ready
 For church, one Easter-Sunday morn,
 With labour-pains was forely torn.
 The church, good soul ! she lov'd so dearly,
 That with her spouse she chose to parley ;

145

150

Ver. 143.] "Children are entitled to protection, whilst in
 "embryo, though they neither did nor could enter into any
 "compact with the state for that purpose." Tucker on Civil
 Government, p. 2. I have taken the liberty to add the term
 quasi in my version of this passage, to make it more analogous to
 the learned writer's general sentiments, who allows of no com-
 pact, but what he is pleased to term quasi.

Nor

Nor would she let the midwife lay her,
 Till she had been at morning prayer;
 When, lo! in midst of all this fray,
 Before mamma had time to pray,
 Her heir, a free-born British boy,
 Molted to light and liberty.

155

'S Q U I R E.

Your story, Mr. Dean, is pleasant,
 And wrapt withal, in terms right decent.
 Yet vainly sure such proof you bring;
 One swallow does not make a spring.
 I say, in spite of your strange tale,
 For full nine months he lies in jail.
 And what a jail! so little roomy,
 So dark, so solitary, and so gloomy.
 Howard, who ev'ry prison knows,
 Ne'er ventur'd there to thrust his nose.
 Yet there he lives, unlucky wight!
 Depriv'd of sunshine and of fight,
 Floating in brine, like a young porpus,
 Till, by obſtetric HABEUS CORPUS,
 The brat is pluck'd to liberty.
 But, tell me, is ſuch freedom free?
 In ſwaddling clothes he now is bound,
 Like Styx, that gird him nine times round;

160

165

170

Ver. 174.] Tho' fate had faſt bound her,
 With Styx nine times round her.

Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

They

They squeeze his navel, press his head, 178
 Feed him with water and with bread.
 Thus nine months more he lies in chains,
 And, when his freedom he regains,
 He puts it to so bad a use,
 'Tis found he must not yet go loose. 180
 Tyrannic nurse then claims her right
 To plague him both by day and night.
 Then grave as Pope, and gruff as Turk,
 Prelatic schoolmaster, like York,
 Thrashes the wretch with grammar's flail, 185
 To mend his head corrects his tail,
 And this with most despotic fury,
 Heedless of mercy, law, and jury.

D E A N.

Sir, you've a happy vein for satire,
 And touch it with a main du maitre. 190
 Yet why, Sir, treat mild M*****m thus?
 His grace, you know, is one of us.

'S Q U I R E.

I ask his pardon. At the time
 He chanc'd to hitch into my rhyme—

But

[Ver. 194.] Had not this unlucky bolt been shot by the Squire,
 it is probable the Dean would not have been thrown off his
 scent,

But to our point—thus far I've stated,
 The boy is born and educated ;
 And now he walks the world at large ;
 Yet has he got a free discharge ?
 No ; volens nolens, as at school,
 He still must yield to civil rule ;
 A subject born, he's subject still,
 Not govern'd by his mere self-will ;
 But, if he breaks the laws in force,
 Or kills his man, or steals a horse,

195

200

scant, but would have answered all, that had been asserted, in some such manner as Mr. Locke does : " Children, I confess, " are not born in this full state of equality, though they are " born to it. Their parents have a sort of rule and jurisdiction " over them, when they come into the world, and for some " time after ; but it is but a temporary one. The bonds of this " subjection are like the swaddling clothes they are wrapt up in " and supported by, in the weakness of their infancy : age " and reason, as they grow up, loosen them, till at length " they drop quite off, and leave a man at his own free disposal."

Ch. VI. sec. 55. This passage, and the other two already quoted, seem to be a sufficient answer to Mr. Jenyns on his two first heads. All his objections turn on the term born : whereas Locke's propositions are, " Men are by nature equal, and by nature free ;" that is, have equal natural rights in their persons and liberty.

How'er

Howe'er he may dispute their right, 205
And Coke with Burgersdicius fight,
Must make at Tyburn his confession.

D E A N.

I fear, Sir, here you beg the question.
A subject born in any state
May, if he please, depatriate, 210
(Unless, by justice to be mumbled,
He's forc'd to stay, like nabob Rumbold ;)
And go, for reasons weak or weighty,
To Zealand-New, or Otaheite.

'S Q U I R E.

Yet there what freedom will he have, 215
When made Queen Oberea's slave?
Her Majesty may lay a tax;
I fear would weaken stronger backs,
Than ev'n was your's my doughty Dean,
When nerv'd with youth, and stout eighteen. 220

D E A N.

Perhaps she might. Then let's suppose
To some unpeopled isle he goes,
And takes a mistress in his sleeve,
To live as Adam did with Eve ;
Or say, that he had luck to find 225
A hundred more of the same mind,
To

To migrate with their mates by dozens,
 And there to live like cater-cousins,
 We will not call them sirs, and madams,
 But a cool hundred Eves and Adams ; 230

Ver. 230.] Here the Dean turns aside to his own ingenious hypothesis, which he makes the true basis of civil government, and which, the more to disseminate it, I shall here briefly explain. He supposes, that a hundred Adams and Eves should all be produced full grown, and in conjugal pairs ; and then concludes, that they would naturally herd together, and form a civil society, from their instinctive love of living together as gregarious animals. But, as some might object that another instinctive appetite would speedily disturb the peace of this society, and that Horace's *terribilis belli causa* might make it a state of war, he sagely provides against this by noting, " that the appetite between the sexes can have no place in the question, because it " is not of that sort which renders mankind gregarious." Yet, as he also owns, that the most solitary animals, at certain seasons, " converse in pairs," it is necessary, for the support of his hypothesis, that all his Adams and Eves should be as chaste as turtles ; and, therefore, I have called them a cool hundred, an epithet which, the reader sees, is here far from being an expletive, but highly emphatical ; for, if the Dean's hundred Adams and Eves were not more cool than an hundred pairs of people of fashion, whom I could mention, it is to be feared, that many of the males in his civil society, would not only be gregarious animals, but absolutely horned cattle. See Tucker on Government, p. 136.

I think

I think they would, or soon, or late,
 By quasi-compact, found a state.
 What think you, 'Squire, of that Scotch peer,
 Who wenching held so very dear,
 (I don't aver his taste was right 235
 In liking black girls more than white,
 Not that I rashly would decide;
 They know the best, who both have tried)
 That, to indulge and take his fill,
 He fenc'd an Apalachian hill, 240
 And, holding there supreme command,
 " Scatter'd his image o'er the land,"
 Till soon he got so large a race
 Of little tawny babes of grace,
 And these so soon begot a second, 245
 And those a third, that quick he reckon'd
 Subjects enough of his own blood,
 To reign their sovereign great and good.
 If such a man was not born free,
 I know not what is liberty. 250

'S QUIRE,

Dear Dean, you interrupt my theme.
 I want to preach, but you to dream

Ver. 233.] The late Lord Fairfax, usually distinguished by the name of Lord Fairfax, of Virginia.

Ver. 242.] Dryden.

Of

Of negro girls and patriarch kings—
 Pray clip your fancy's wayward wings.
 My two points prov'd, I draw from hence
 This truly Christian inference,
 That all, whom we the factious call, 255
 Who 'gainst court influence hourly bawl,
 Who from their seats would dash contractors,
 And be themselves the nation's factors,
 Are all of the old round-head leaven,
 And therefore ne'er will get to Heaven. 260

D E A N.

Right. This would give my mind much ease,
 If drawn from sounder premises.
 Locke and his crew, I know right well,
 Have sent full many a fool to Hell,
 But not from what you've prov'd, but I—— 265

* * * * *

Hold Muse! nor give the 'Squire's reply.
 You've run two heats; to start a third
 Would now, I think, be quite absurd;
 'Tis much beyond an Eclogue's length!
 Come breathe awhile, and gather strength. 270
 You shall not tax, should it be willing,
 The town beyond a single shilling:
 Stop

Stop then in time your tinkling rill ;
The reader's ears have drank their fill.

C E R T I F I C A T E.

WHEREAS a late ingenious and anonymous production, entitled An Archæological Epistle, has been attributed to my pen, I think proper to declare, that, however I may approve the political sentiments therein contained, I am above wearing any man's laurels ; and that I conceive those, who do not discriminate between my style and that author's, have as little critical acumen as he seems to allow to his reverend correspondent.

(Signed)

MALCOLM MAC-GREGGOR.

Knightbridge.

Ver. penult.] Claudite jam rivos, pueri ; fat prata biberunt.

VIRG.

L O R D

LORD CHATHAM'S PROPHECY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1776.

BY * * * * *, ESQ.,

I.

WHEN boasting Gage was hurry'd o'er
To dye his sword in British gore,
And plead the Senate's right,
Wise Chatham, with indignant smile,
Harrangu'd in this prophetick style,
Illum'd by freedom's light.

II.

“ Your plumed corps though Percy cheers
And far-fam'd British grenadiers,
Renown'd for martial skill;
Yet Albion's heroes bite the plain,
Her Chiefs round gallant Howe are slain,
And fallow Bunker's hill.

III.

Some tuneful bard who pants for fame,
Shall consecrate one deathless name,
And future ages tell,—
For Spartan valour here renown'd
Where laurels shade the sacred ground,
Heroic Warren fell.

Brewhile

IV.

Erewhile a Howe indignant rose,
 Against his country's, freedom's foes ;
 Those glorious days are past :
 A coward's orders to perform,
 Lo, yon sea-Alva * rides the storm,
 And drives the furious blast.

V.

Though darkness all the horizon shroud,
 And from the east yon thunder-cloud
 Menace destruction round ;
 Yet Franklin, vers'd in nature's laws,
 From her dire womb the light'ning draws,
 And brings it to the ground.

VI.

Around him Sydneys, Hampdens throng ;
 His ardent philosophick tongue,
 Can Roman zeal inspire ;
 The Amphyctyon Council, hand in hand,
 Like the immortal Theban band,
 Catch his electrick fire.

* Lord Howe.

VII. Can

VII.

Can fleets or troops such spirits tame,
 Although they view their cities flame,
 And desolate their coast ?
 *Midst distant wilds they'll find a home,
 Far as the untam'd Indians roam,
 And *freedom's luxury* boast. *

VIII.

*Midst the Snow-storm † you hero § shine
 Pierces your barrier,—breaks your lines,
 With splendour marks his days ;
 He falls,—the foldier,—patriot,—sage !
 His name illumines th' historick page,
 Crown'd with immortal praise.

* “ We can retire beyond the reach of your navy, and without any sensible diminution of the necessaries of life, enjoy a luxury, which from that period you will want; — *the luxury of being free.*”

The Address of the twelve United Provinces to the Inhabitants of Great Britain.

† When every thing was prepared, the General waited the opportunity of a Snow-storm to carry his design into execution,—being obliged to take a circuit, the signal for the attack was given, and the garrison alarmed before he reached the place ; however, pressing on, he forced the first barrier, and was just opening to attempt the second, when he was unfortunately killed.”

Congress Account of the Action.

Debrett's Remembrancer.

§ General Montgomery.

VOL. II.

E

IX. Brighten

IX.

Brighten the chain, the wampum tie,
 Those painted chiefs raise war's fell cry;
 And hail the festive hour;
 The Congress binds the savage race,
 As Heaven's own æther rules through space,
 Arm'd with attraction's power.

X.

Canadians scorn your vile behest, *
 Indignant passions fire each breast,
 And freedom's banner waves;
 Whole years they felt her flame divine;
 Its cheering light can they resign,
 And sink again to slaves?

XI.

No more will kings court Britain's smiles,
 No longer dread this Queen of Isles,
 No more her virtues charm:
 See her pursue the ignoble strife,
 By the dire Indian's scalping knife,
 And by the Bravo's arm.

* THE CANADA, OR LAWYER'S BILL.

XII. Vain

XII.

Vain France, and Spain's vindictive power,
 Exulting wait the auspicious hour
 To spread war's dire alarms ;
 —No more our fleet's triumphant ride,
 This isle of bliss with all her pride,
 May feel the Bourbon arms.

XIII.

America, with just disdain,
 Will break degenerate Britain's chain,
 And gloriously aspire ;
 I see new Lockes and Camdens rise,
 Whilst other Newton's read the skies,
 And Miltons wake the lyre.

XIV.

Behold her blazing flag unfurl'd,
 To awe and rule the western world,
 And teach presumptuous kings,
 Though lull'd by servile flattery's dream,
 The people are alone supreme,
 From whom dominion springs.

XV.

Heaven's choicest gifts enrich her plain,
 The red'ning orange, swelling grain,
 Her genial suns refine ;
 For her the filken insects toil,
 The olive teems with floods of oil,
 And glows the purple vine.

E s

XVI. Her

XVI.

Her prowess Albion's empire shakes,
 Her cataracts, her ocean'd lakes,
 Display great Nature's hand ;
 And Europe sees, with dread surprise,
 Æthereal tow'ring spirits rise,
 To rule the wond'rous land.

XVII.

Bold emulation stands confest ;
 Through the firm chief's and yeoman's breast
 The heroick passion runs ;
 Imperial spirits claim their place !
 No venal honours lift the base,
 When Nature ranks her sons.

XVIII.

Lo, Britain's ancient genius flies
 Where commerce, arts and science rise,
 And war's dire horrors cease ;
 Exulting millions croud her plains,
 Escap'd from Europe's galling chains,
 To liberty and peace."

A NEW

A NEW SCHEME TO RAISE A NEW CORPS, AND
SUPPLY THE WANT OF A SCOTCH MILITIA;
ADDRESSED TO LORD BARRINGTON, SECRETARY
AT WAR.

BY THE SAME.

Arma, virumque cano:

VIRGIL:

OF arms and wond'rous tribes I sing;
My scheme shall through the nation ring,
Form'd on a liberal plan;
Though ev'ry day the bounty rise *,
The standard too—your Lordship's size!
You can't recruit a man.

Adopt a philosophick hint,
Though its convey'd in rhyme and print;
Nor think my project odd;
Or else I'll set you at defiance,
And boast my new and grand alliance
With learned Lord MONBODD'.

Since you, my Lord, disdain to look
In any tome, but the *red book*,
By which your genius steers!

* “ Though the bounty has been raised, and the standard
“ lowered, yet no recruits can be got,” — Lord Barrington's
Speech in the House of Commons.

E 3.

Perhaps

Perhaps you'll hear with some surprize
 How monkees above monkees rise,
 Like commoners and peers !

The Ouran Outangs wise and great,
 (The Bedford party of a state,)
 Who factions form or break ;
 With high-bon'd, eager, hungry features,
 MONBODDO swears are human creatures,
 —Only they cannot speak. *

Ship Faucet § quick with prosperous gales,
 To catch these monkey men with tails † ;
 Then check depopulation ;

* “ A whole nation, if I may call them so, have been found
 “ without the use of speech. This is the case of the Ouran Out-
 “ angs that are found in the kingdom of Angola in Africa, and
 “ in several parts of Asia. They are exactly of the human form,
 “ walking erect, not upon all four ; they use sticks for weapons ;
 “ they live in society ; they carry off negro girls, whom they
 “ make slaves of, and use both for work and pleasure.”

Origin and Progress of Language.

§ Col. Faucet was frequently employed to raise recruits in Ger-
 many during the American war.

† “ For that there are men with tails, is a fact so well attest-
 “ ed, that I think it cannot be doubted. One Keoping, a Swede
 “ by birth, saw men with tails, like those of cats, and which they
 “ moved in the same manner, on an island in the gulf of Ben-
 “ gal, called Nicobar.”

Origin and Progress of Language, Vol. I.

To

To barren Scotia waft them o'er,
For Donald flies his native shore

A rebel—to *starvation* ! ||

Ourans outstrip the bounding hind,
Neither by coats or shoes confin'd,
They spring o'er flakes and ditches ;
The Treas'ry's drain'd by Frazier's corps,
For bonnets blue, and kelts, they roar,
—You only save their breeches !

The French an Ouran nicely stuff *,
I've seen one standing in his buff,
Who had been gay and frisky :
He once like you, could flirt a fan,
And was in truth a pretty man,
But died by drinking whiskey.

Then speak no more, my lord, on trifles,
But arm these Baboon Clans with rifles,
At Rebels turn them loose :

¶ See p. 94, note §. —

* “ I myself saw at Paris, one of them whose skin was stuffed standing upon a shelf in the king's cabinet. He had exactly the shape and features of a man. He lived several years at Versailles, and died by drinking spirits. He had as much the understanding of a man as could be expected from his education, and performed many little offices to the lady with whom he lived, but never learned to speak.”

Origin and Progress of Language.

E 4

Hips,

Flips, haws, and acorns they will eat, *
Or cram their paunches with raw meat,
Like Abyssinian Bruce †

With envious glance Germain shall see
These Tory troops skip up a tree,
Firing as quick as Prussians :—
He'll find the loyal Ourans far
More dextrous in this Yankey war,
And scorn the aid of Russians. †

Mac-Homer too, in prose or song,
By the State-papers of Buffon,
To deep researches led,
A Gallo-Celtick scheme may botch §
To prove the Ouran-race were Scotch,
Who from the Highlands fled.

At such a pedigree you sneer ;
Pert Sawney's logick makes it clear,
And NORTH no longer droops :

* Excellent qualities for the American service, as provisions are rather scarce.

† A negotiation was then carrying on to hire a body of Russians to serve in America.

§ Vide Whitaker's Remarks, &c. &c.

Indemnity

Indemnity he now disdains || ;
As Scottish *bluid* flows in their veins,
Who'll vote them *foreign troops* ?

Herries and Sherri* shall *collogue*,
To twist their tongues to twang and brogue,
And MONBODD'S hopes surpass :
I pledge myself that in six weeks
An Ouran better English speaks,
Than INNES OR DUNDAS.

To check religious zeal and quarrels,
Let David Hume inculcate morals,
Dalrymple pen their story !
And as their jabbering smacks of Erse,
Let them recite MAC-OSSIAN'S verse,
To fire their souls to glory.

|| The opposition kindly offered an *Act of Indemnity* to Lord North for employing Hessian troops in the British dominions; but as his lordship thought our colonies were not comprehended within the meaning of the prohibition in the Act of Settlement relative to foreign troops, he thanked his opponents for the offer, but declined accepting it.

* Messieurs Herries and Sheridan, Scotch and Irish professors of oratory, who modestly undertook to teach us the true enunciation and pronunciation of the English language.

Honours, like sulphur, cure all stains ;
 Will fine the blood in OURAN's veins,
 And dignify disgrace :
 Then grant them titles, or a string,
 They'll not betray a Brunswick king,
 Though of a Scottish race.

Whatever Ouran catches LEE †,
 Let him be ribbon'd with K. B.
 And clap a blazing star on ;
 To shine at court with IRWIN's grace,
 Or grin with sweet Sir JOHN's † grimace,
 A Nova Scotia Baron !

† General Charles Lee,

† Sir John Dalrymple.

A CONE

A CONGRATULATORY ODE, ADDRESSED TO
LORD NORTH.

BY THE SAME.

*Scriberis, Vario fortis, & hostium
Victor, Mæonii carminis alite,
Quam rem cumque ferox navibus, aut equis
Miles, te duce, gesserit.* HOR.

I.

SAM JOHNSON in the true sublime
Shall chaunt your Acts another time,
Your wisdom in taxation ;
Though Boston still, without remorse,
Would burn your ships, and starve your horse,
She'll kiss your Proclamation.

II.

Our power supreme shall Yankies own,
Since Jacobites before the throne
Lay down their lives and riches :
To raise recruits the Highlands join,
And Birmingham will furnish coin
To buy them—velvet breeches. *

* Strong Addresses were presented by the inhabitants of Birmingham and Manchester, to urge the continuance of the American war.

III.

My trembling muse can ne'er aspire
 To tune an ode with Whitehead's fire,
 Or sing these glorious days :
 Besides, your ears, my Lord, are nice,
 They shrink from flattery in a trice,
 And scarce bear modest praise.

IV.

Else should I hail this lucky hour,
 Lo, SAYRE committed to the Tower !
 Britain shall Pæans sing :
 A meal-tub plot young Oates shall prove,
 Since Kate Macaulay basely strove
 To ravish George our King * !

V.

Can I describe the Atlantick sea,
 Green as a leek with India's tea,
 Dire cause of civil rage ?

* Mr. Richardson, (the witness against Sayre, and therefore the Titus Oates of the Court) will produce undoubted evidence to prove this extraordinary fact.—The Lord Mayor elect, Mr. Sawbridge, encouraged his sister to this atrocious attempt, unparalleled even in her own history.—Mr. Wilkes is also strongly suspected.

The

The dust and sweat on Putnam's brow,
 Who in the battle equals Howe,
 But kneels to Madam Gage ?*

VI.

Enough for me; if I rehearse
 Some Whiggish maxim in my verse;
 And prove my patriot zeal :
 I've no fond wish to lose an ear
 (Or gain a pension, like Shebbeare,)
 Though the King's touch might heal.

OCTOBER 27, 1775.

* To prevent malignant constructions, the author thinks himself bound in honour to declare, that by Madam Gage he means Mrs. Gage, and not the General. At the same time he candidly owns a compliment was designed to the gallant old wood-cutter, for his singular politeness to that lady.

ODE,

[50]

O D E,

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF DARTMOUTH.

BY THE SAME.

*Nondum subacta ferre jugum valet
Cervice ; nondum munia comparis
Æquare, nec tauri ruentis
In venerem tolerare pondus.*

HOR. Ode V. Lib. II.

I.

MY Lord, your filley's hardly broke,
She kicks and winces at the yoke,
Nor will submit to draw :
With too much spirit for a hack,
Though King, Lords, Commons, gall her back,
And bridle her with law.

II.

By youth and freedom fir'd she roves,
The boundless wood and field she loves,
Nor heeds the herdsman's whistle :
With wanton colts she wildly strays,
But drives your braying ass to graze
On Nova Scotia's thistle.

III. Don't

III.

Don't rob the orchard, (though you've power,)
 The Boston apples yet are four,
 And apt to purge and gripe :
 The loyal Yankies, for your use,
 Would give and grant the genial juice,
 You'd steal the fruit—unripe.

IV.

The faints, alas ! have waxen strong ;
 In vain your fasts and godly song,
 To quell the rebel rout !
 Within his lines skulks valiant Gage,
 Like Yorick's starling in the cage,
 He cries, " I can't get out."

V.

Why will the Council always blunder ?
 Dull Leadenhall you still may plunder,
 You ne'er can want pretensions ;
 Seapoys and Nabobs can't resist,
 A vote will pay the Civil List,
 And Ireland furnish pensions.

VI.

But stubborn Yankies let alone,
 They hurl defiance at the throne,
 And all your schemes unsettle :

To

To mark your Act with more disgrace,
 They fling their tea-pots in your face,
 And scald you with the kettle.

CONGRATULATORY ODE,

ADDRESSED TO LORD GEORGE GERMAIN, ON HIS
 BEING APPOINTED SECRETARY OF STATE FOR
 THE COLONIES, IN THE ROOM OF LORD DART-
 MOUTH.

BY THE SAME.

MY Lord, I hail your spotless fame ;
 A civil post, and change of name,
 Have wash'd away all sin :
 The German slough no more prevails,
 For serpent-like, you've cast your scales,
 And shine in a new-skin.

Degraded from your martial station,
 You still surprize and please the nation,
 Your zeal they yet applaud :
 Sentenc'd no more to blaze in arms,
 Like an old trull with tarnish'd charms,
 You turn a useful bawd.

Bred.

Bred in a priest's † Socratick school,
 Youth's fervid passions train'd to cool,
 And virtue's lore endear ;
 He bade you ne'er fight face to face,
 But mark the foe with more disgrace,
 By charging in the rear.

GERMAIN, in combats often try'd,
 Britannia's troops in triumph guide,
 War's glorious art improving !
 Bend rebel Yankies to our will,
 Display again a General's skill,
 And conquer without moving !

Your S——s and C——s review,
 All honourable men, and true ;
 Staunch as intrepid Barré !
 Your great exploits brisk Ned will boast,
 Make him official Penny-Post,
 He'll tattle, fetch and carry.

Your levee's grac'd by heroes now ;
 There sturdy Hervey * strives to bow,
 Your splendour Philips sees ;

† Archbishop Stone.

* The late Lieut. General Hervey.

The

The Scotch all puff you to a man,
And Colonel Roy presents a Plan *,
With under-wood, and trees.

Throw out a lure for Ferdinand || !
Invest him with supreme command,
At Boston fix his station ;
Then Zanga-like (right well I ween)
You'll gratify revenge and spleen,
And end him by starvation ‡.

Or claim your rank,—degrade Tom Gage,
A windmill now can't check your rage,
Or freeze your generous blood ;
Lead forth the horse to Roxburg town,
And drive full gallop to renown,—
Except you meet a wood.

* Lord George complained that a plan was sent over of the battle of Minden, in which the impervious wood that obstructed the march of the cavalry was omitted.—The name of the malicious engineer who drew it, was, if I mistake not, Col. Roy.

|| Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who was at this time talked of for the command of our army in America.

‡ Mr. DUNDAS, Lord Advocate of Scotland invenit & sculpsit this harmonious and expressive word, which so justly and characteristically portrays both the features of his country and countrymen.

Con'd

Cou'd you keen Junius' thoughts refine *,
 Whose dangerous shafts, like lightning shine,
 And pierce whom e'er they hit ?
 We all may think you—just as stout,
 Your treachery too we never doubt;—
 We only doubt your wit.

The smart of Minden's wound is o'er,
 You've got court-plaister for that sore,
 And yet, my Lord, I'm thinking,
 Bold JOHNSTONE || some reward may claim,
 His powder sav'd your tainted fame,
 Just on the point of stinking.

* Many of Lord George Germain's friends studiously hinted, that he was the author of the celebrated *Essays* published under the name of JUNIUS.

|| Alludes to the duel between Lord Sackville and Governor Johnstone, Dec. 17, 1770.

THE

THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND :

A CONSOLATORY ODE,

ADDRESSED TO LORD G. G. BY THE SAME.

*Quid bellicosus Cantaber, et Scythes
Hirpine Qulnti, cogitet, Adria
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quarere.*

HOR.

I.

COURAGE, my lord ! though Howe is fled,
Look not so pale, nor hang your head,
Like Nunc^omar at Hindostan :
The Atlantick sea is no bad screen,
And that (you know) still flows between
Pall-Mall and rebel Boston.

II.

For want of Rhode-isle hogs and beeves,
The troops stole off, like valiant thieves,
To look for better quarters ;
And spite of what Court-papers tell,
The Yankies fish in pond and well *,
For cannon ball and mortars.

* Lord MANSFIELD and Mr. WEDDERBURN both agree in opinion, that the fishery-bill was only designed to prevent their fishing in the open seas ; any thing in the prohibitory bill to the contrary notwithstanding.

III. Our

III.

Our horses too are left behind,
 Starv'd, and unsound in limb and wind,
 'Tis no great loss they're taken :
 Such steeds at Minden had you got,
 Though GRANBY spurr'd, they couldn't trot,
 This would have sav'd your bacon.

IV.

Chaunting of psalms the victors come,
 Beating Te Deum on the drum,
 And dancing to the fife :
 The Yankey now no more afraid,
 May *bundle* * with the timid maid.
 Or kiss his faithful wife.

V.

I hope your army found some means
 To save our fine † theatrick scenes
 From being maul'd, and pepper'd ;

Then

* This word is thus explained by a traveller : " At their usual time the old couple retire to bed, leaving the young ones to settle matters as they can, who having sat up as long as they think proper, get into bed together also, but without pulling off their under garment, in order to prevent scandal.—If the parties agree, it is all very well ; the banns are published, and they are married without delay."

Banbury's Travels through N. America.

† *The Maid of the Oaks, and the Siege of Boston*, a farce, (as Mr.

Then Nova Scotia, with some grace,
 May see BURGOTNE resume his place,
 And act the * *Gentle Shepherd*!

VI.

There let the trusty Hessians steer,
 The rifle-men will quake through fear,
 And Yaugars shoot them dead.
 Heister has finger'd H—R V—Y's † gold;
 But 'till the wind is fair,—he's told
 To vomit at Spithead.

VII.

Away the dear bought cut-throats go,
 To fight a wind-mill (your old foe);
 Yet hear one serious truth:

Mr. BURGOTNE (seemed dissatisfied with the real one) both written by the same author, were frequently represented. This celebrated strolling company of Comedians have quitted Boston, and intend exhibiting for the summer season at Halifax.—According to private letters received by Lord SANDWICH (of which the Gazette takes no notice) the roof of the meeting-house (converted into a theatre by express orders of a council of war) was destroyed by the shells, and the wardrobe and curtain were considerably damaged.

* PATIE and ROGER.

† General H—R V—Y prevailed on him to sail, without the second division, by giving him a dose of *aurum potabile* in his hock.

We

We shall not with much sorrow read
How * Sclatzen—Knotzen, Blatzchun bleed,
—Unless we break a tooth.

VIII.

A friend demands the plaintive lay,
With whom I pass'd youth's joyous day,
And felt a foldier's pride ;
Still in my breast his virtues dwell,
And down my cheek the fond tear fell,
When ABERCROMBY died.

IX.

Strike now, my Muse, no venal lyre,
In Conway mark the patriot's fire,
(Such whigs are out of date :)
He loves his country, loves her laws ;
For her alone his sword he draws,
The foldier of the state.

X.

Provide, my lord, four-croust and hock,
Germans will stand the fiery shock,
And dare the foe's approaches ;

* The names of officers in the Brunswick guards.

And

And should they fall, with hopes elate,
Still Pharoah-like they'll lie in state,
All coffin'd in their coaches *.

XI.

Did you the glorious treaty sign?
Who but GERMAN could e'er divine,
Of algebraick head,
That as nine taylor's make a man,
Three wounded Hessians, on this plan,
Are equal to one § dead?

XII.

Is this the way, most valorous lord,
To "destine rebels to the cord,"
Or conquer at Quebec?

* These lineal descendants of Hengist have laid in a large stock of old hock, and refused (though transports are scarce) to sail without their coaches, as they have some thoughts of settling in America. Lord MANSFIELD says, their claims by hereditary right are unquestionable. The argument stands thus;—England being the mother country, Hesse is the grandmother; as the English (I appeal to Mr. MACPHERSON) can only be considered as colonised Hessians.

§ "By the Hessian treaty, three wounded men shall be reckoned as one killed, and paid for accordingly."

See the Parliamentary Register.

Im

In spite of every witty boast *,
 Howe fails along a barren coast,
 He could not save his neck !

XIII.

These glorious triumphs you may tell,
 No doubt they'll have a magick spell,
 And make 'Squire Boobies willing
 To grant supplies at every check ;
 —Give them the plunder of a wreck ||,
 They'll vote another shilling.

XIV.

Unfit to wield the martial blade,
 You chose the state assassin's trade,

* In one of General Howe's letters, his excellency makes a desperate attempt to be witty ;—but neck-or-nothing seems to be his military maxim for wit as well as war, “ The rebels, (says he) are hors du danger, if their *necks* are as safe as mine,” viz. Boston Neck.—But as this is his first bon-mot, perhaps he will improve in the course of the campaign.

|| Mr. BURKE's humane bill, the purport of which was to levy on the inhabitants of the coast the value of a ship wrecked and plundered, was thrown out by the country gentlemen, (those great supporters of the American war) who were determined to preserve their tenants right to all deodands.

Your country to undo :
 As copper, tho' no warlike mettall,
 Can poison the domestick kettle,
 And so resembles you.

OMIAH: AN ODE.

ADDRESSED TO CHARLOTTE HAYES,

BY THE SAME.

*O Venus, regina, Cnidi Paphique,
 Sperne dilectam Cypron, et vocantis
 Tibure te multo Glyceræ decoram
 Transfer in ædem.*

HOR. Lib. I. Ode 30.

OF statesmens' wiles I scorn to sing ;
 Who flatter, to betray, the king,
 Can scarce deserve my praise :
 O Venus, thy own bard inspire,
 In pleasing notes to wake the lyre
 For buxom CHARLOTTE HAYES.

Nor let Parnassian maids be coy,
 My strain is chaste, though tun'd to joy ;

You

You oft obey my summons :
Though CHARLOTTE's damsels yield for hire,
'Tis through ambition they aspire
To act—like Lords and Commons.

Her sprightly fair ones laugh and sing ;
Bestow love's sweets, without the sting,
Since by a lucky stroke,
(APSEY will vouch it,—if awake,) *
Sage HANNAY, like the Athenian rake,
Hath MERCURY's statues broke †.

O CHARLOTTE ! I've a glorious theme,
You may get money by my scheme,

* The Lord Chancellor.—He refused to grant a royal patent to Mr. Hannay, for his salutary PREVENTATIVE ; wisely observing, that if an *unconjugal* intimacy between the sexes were not attended with danger, morality and matrimony would rapidly decline.—Mr. Thurlow, the Attorney General, in his report, expressed himself with his usual energy, and gave it as his opinion, that Mr. Hannay's invention was a *damn'd good thing*.

† The Athenians had statues of Mercury at the doors of their houses, made of stones of a cubical form, which were mutilated and broken in one night by Alcibiades, and his companions. The resemblance between him and Mr. Hannay, and the reason why the respectable name of the Lord Chancellor is introduced, are points of an arduous and delicate nature. Every reader will form his own judgment on them.

F 2

Ev'n

Ev'n from the MACARONIES :

Gallini's fops, who trip at balls,
Shall breast the cold air, wrapt in shawls,
Astride their little ponies. *

Collect your vestals in a throng,
Then in procession glide along
To JEMMY TWITCHER's dome ;
With sugar'd kisses glue his lips,
And make him send out patriot P—PPs †
To waft OMIAH home,

Sweet Emily, with auburn tresses,
Will coax him by her soft caresses,
And Charlotte win the day :
Old Jemmy's goatish eyes will twinkle ;
Lust play bo-peep from every wrinkle ;
—But first bribe Madam Ray,

* The fashionable mode of paying visits,

† The present Lord M-LGR-VE.—Some years ago he threatened to impeach Lord M-NSFIELD ;—during a six weeks cruise, he carefully studied Blackstone's Commentaries, and Burn's Justice of Peace, and undertook to prove in the House of Commons, that the chief justice was a meer ignoramus, both in law and navigation. Lord M-LG VE has since lost his patriotism and popularity in the coal pits of Newcastle.—He is at present in the service of Lord S-NDW-CH, and expects soon to be employed in the Dockyards. His daring voyage to the North Pole (late'y published) is full of wonderful discoveries !

Round

Round OMIAH's queen and virgins gaze,
 Whilst he with ST—L—Y's * grace displays
 His splendid arms † and dress;
 Then shews the steel which bore his weight,
 For P—LLI—R taught him to skate ‡,
 And B—KS to play at Chess.

Around him hangs each faithful wife ||;
 He flourishes his fork and knife,

* The present Earl of D—Y.

† Omiah has been presented with a rich suit of armour, to enable him to conquer Otaheite. He is to hold it by charter from the Crown, and has promised to acknowledge the right of taxation, and the supremacy of the British parliament.

‡ It is said that Dr. S—L—D—R was highly offended, as this part of Omiah's education was not entrusted to him. The Doctor being a Swede, was early initiated in the art of skating, and claimed this slippery post as his right. I cannot omit mentioning an anecdote, which evinces Omiah's affection and gratitude to all his preceptors. Commodore P—LLI—SER was appointed lieutenant general of marines, entirely through Omiah's interest with Lord S—NDW—CH; his Lordship had some thoughts of doing justice to Lord Howe's rank and merit; but Omiah's tears and intreaties at last prevailed!

|| Polygamy is allowed; and the sentence of the ecclesiastical court is final and decisive at Otaheite.

And strokes his well-fed dogs
Talks of the court, and London price,
Where ladies sit (but never stride)
On monstrous prancing hogs † !

Pantheon-dom'd † he rears his hut,
In figure like a cocoa nut,
By art his tutors teach him ;
Describes our kings of corks § — and ships,
But not a word 'bout pilf'ring chips,
Least TWIT EHER should impeach him.

† “ As the whole language of an Otaheitan does not exceed a thousand words, he is extremely at a loss for terms to express the new ideas he has acquired, and objects he has seen in this country. As these southern people have only three quadrupeds, the dog, the rat, and the hog, he has no term for describing a horse, but that of a great hog that carries people ; or a cow, but that of a great hog that gives milk.”

Annual Register for 1774.

† OMIAN is a great admirer of the Pantheon, and has often declared his intention of erecting a similar building at Otaheite. —N. B. He studies architecture under Sir W. Chambers.

§ Similar to this, OMIAN distinguished himself when he was introduced to Lord Sandwich. He first pointed to the butler, and said, “ he was king of the bottles,” that Capt. Fourneaux “ was king of the ship,” but Lord Sandwich “ was king of all the ships.” —Genuine account of OMIAN, from the Annual Register for 1774.

Of

Of wond'rous fights, OMIAH tells,
Of asses, apes, and Sadler's Wells,
And of our smooth Sestinos ;
How he admir'd a masquerade,
Was sometime 'prentice to the trade
Of operas and festinos.

Capricious beauties, fond to change,
Will cry, " 'tis strange, 'tis wondrous strange."
And hug their dear OMIAH !
Of B—DE—D's dutchess † then he'll rave,
And promise if they'll cross the wave,
A CHOLMONDELEY,—or Goliath !

But as a bribe ev'n there prevails,
CHARLOTTE must send out store of nails ||
To keep recruits in pay :
'Tis not against the act to trade
With Otaheite's beauteous maid ;
Ask if you will—Sir GREY * !

† Several members of the Royal Society have persuaded OMIAH, that all the ladies in this country have new teeth (like her Grace) at the age of seventy.—He will not omit this flattering argument to induce his fair countrywoman to make a voyage to England.—He was also told, that the amorous passions grew again with their teeth.

|| See Hawksworth's voyage.

* Sir Grey Cooper. The prohibitory act to prevent all intercourse with America, which was drawn up by this gentleman, had lately passed.

For them might hermits quit the cell,
 They'll tempt the hero of Pall-Mall †
 To press your soft pavillions !
 The Coterie's experienc'd dame
 Will laugh to find the bold GERMAIN
 Entrench'd—behind Cotillions !

My Lord applauds OMIAH's skill,
 Erects a kingdom at his will,
 Then gives the king this nice toy ;
 Refigns an Isle ‡, and Boston town,
 Joins Otaheité to the Crown,
 And makes OMIAH VICEROY !

TO THE EDITOR.

BY THE SAME.

THOUGH my friend General Burgoyne and his army have laid down their arms, yet they were invincible whilst they held them in their hands—This is my consolation—the campaign has not answered our expectations—Ego & Rex meus are dis-

† Lord George Germain, who resided in Pall-Mall.

‡ Sullivan's Island ; key of Charles-town. Gazette.

appointed

appointed—One army being prisoners at Boston, and another army, shut up, in Philadelphia, are (it must be owned) rather unlucky accidents—But let it be considered that we have only sixty thousand men in America, (Gen. Burgoyne and his army included.) Thirty or forty thousand more may do great things, and perhaps reduce the rebels to unconditional submission in five or six campaigns. I took up the pen from a generous motive;—to celebrate our supposed victories, to display the glory of Old England, the extension of our commerce, the wisdom of our ministers, the magnanimity of our monarch, and the happiness of the people—As it is my ardent wish to raise the spirits of my responding countrymen, I still think the publication of the following cheerful Ode (though a little mal-a-propos at present as to facts) may prove a national benefit.

F 5

O D E.

O D E,

WRITTEN IN DECEMBER 1777.

ON THE SUCCESS OF HIS MAJESTY'S ARMS.

*Custode rerum Cæsare, non furor
 Civilis, aut vis exigit otium ;
 Non ira, quæ procudit enses,
 Et miseras inimieat urbes.*

HOR. L. IV. Ode 15.

SING Io Pæans, through the land,
 No more the yankey cowards stand
 Who basely meant to enslave us :
 We've slay'd their virgins, babes, and wives,
 With tomahawks and scalping knives,
 Which GOD and NATURE gave us †.

Our bayonets have oped their veins,
 The CONGRESS quaking in our chains
 Are " destin'd to the cord || ;"
 Yet still they talk of rights and laws,
 And say they fell in freedom's cause
 Beneath a tyrant's sword !

† Lord Suffolk's speech.

|| These words were used by General Gage in a Proclamation
 published at Boston.

Bast,

Base traitors ring from every tongue,
The king—the king—can do no wrong!

These knaves talk *Common Sense* †!

Array'd in terrors let him shine,
And imitate the wrath divine ;

'Tis in his own defence !

“ Grac'd with the magick power of words

“ So known, so honour'd by the lords,”

Our Tully will harangue 'em :

Ambitious Twitcher ‡ act Jack Ketch,

And gratify his loyal leech,

Both to impeach and hang 'em.

Sam Johnson rob'd in gown and band,

With that fam'd pamphlet in his hand

Which charm'd the British nation ;

Will tune his wit to gibe and scoff,

And roar—(just as they're all turn'd off)

“ No tyranny Taxation.” §

Gallant Germain cries — “ Who's afraid,”

Then nobly draws his conquering blade,

† A celebrated American pamphlet.

‡ The Earl of Sandwich.

§ Alluding to his pamphlet, entitled *Taxation no Tyranny*.

Yet stain'd with Minden's slaughter :
 He spares no rebel,—live or dead,
 For lo, he smites off—Cushing's head †,
 And flogs his wife and daughter.

Franklin shall Sawney's vengeance feel,
 And die by neither rope or steel,
 But take a daring flight ;
 To heaven he mounts in chains of wire,
 To perish by his stolen fire ‡,
 Ty'd to a paper-kite.

† The severe punishment designed for this gentleman, and his family, was probably owing to his lordship's having discovered that Mr. Cushing had conceived an idea of being elected king by the revolted colonies. I am indebted to my learned friend, Dr. Johnson, for this anecdote, to which he alludes by saying, " If their rights are inherent and underived, they may by their own suffrages encircle by a diadem the brows of Mr. Cushing."

Taxation no Tyranny, p. 214.

‡ It is clear beyond a possibility of doubt, that this arch-patriot, philosopher, modern Prometheus, and rebel, is an old offender. The solicitor-general, Mr. Alexander Wedderburne, was therefore highly commendable for calling him a thief. He proved the charge (to the entire satisfaction of the king and council) by a quotation from Zanga. Mr. Wilson, it is to be hoped, will dress up the doctor for his execution with a few blunted conductors.

Clinton

Clinton and Howe will form a noose †,
 By twisting of their Cordon Rouge ;
 There Washington may swing :
 Suffolk shall whet the skalping knife,
 And chaunt (till he's bereft of life)
 The mercy of our king.

One Arnold too shall feel our ire ;
 By horses torn, let him expire
 Amidst an Indian screech !
 Nor by his death let vengeance cease,
 The jockey's ghost || can't rest in peace,
 If Burgoyne forge his speech !

Rejoice ye sprites of Hessians slain,
 And hail us o'er th' Atlantick main
 In shadowy whiskers drest ;
 On Del'war's banks, those sons of thunder,
 Weep not their fate,—but loss of plunder
 Breaks their Elysiā rest.

† This co-operation between the generals, was expressly ordered by the military cabinet, at the instance of Lord Mansfield. —The secretary for the colonies prevailed on his royal master, to give Mr. Clinton, a red ribband, to enable him to perform this manœuvre.

|| Mr. Arnold is said to have been originally a dealer in horses.

Now

Now Wed——ne, your acts besmear
 With poison purchased from Shebbeare,
 The lawyers force to eat 'em ;
 And whilst they writhe with doleful face,
 Hillsbro' may promise royal grace †,
 He knows the way to cheat 'em.

Loud let the song of triumph sound,
 Americ's bleeding on the ground,
 Britannia's hands have torn her ;
 Her children's heads she'll spike on high,
 Soft Burke will raise the Irish cry,
 And Chatham be chief mourner.

Rebellion dies, and war shall cease,
 Great Cæsar now presides in peace,
 O'er arts his genius suit :
 No more shall desp'rate Wilkes break loose,
 To spoil the royal game of goose
 He plays with Johnny Bute.

Then Bards will tune sublimer lays
 To sing the blessings of these days ;

† His Lordship's circular letter to the colonies, quoted and commented on by Mr. Burke, with so much wit, spirit, and eloquence.

Charles

Charles Fox Germain shall kiss ;
 C—rl—le † shall tickle Cibber's lyre,
 And M—ns—ld, Simeon-like, expire ||
 In extasies of bliss.

Then shall my lofty numbers tell,
 Who taught the royal babes to spell,
 And sovereign arts pursue ;
 To mend a watch, or set a clock,
 New patterns shape for Hervey's frock,
 Or buttons make at Kew.

† This young nobleman obtained a promise of being created
 Poet Laureat, on his being disappointed of the lieutenancy of
 Ireland.

|| Julian.

A SUP-

A SUPPLEMENTAL ODE,

OR A HINT TO LORD NORTH, ON THE STATE OF
THE NATION.

BY THE SAME.

*Quæ cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium
 Plenis honorum muneribus tuas
 Auguste, virtutes in Ævum
 Per titulos memoresque fastos
 Æternæ!*

HOR. L. IV. Ode 14.

THE various triumphs of our king
 Distract the muse ;—She pants to sing,
 And wanton in his praise :
 Say, can the JERSEYS boast a cow * ?
 ÆSOPUS' towers to VAUGHAN bow † ;
 —Ev'n Burgoyne saw the blaze !

Bind

* The children in the Jerseys are certainly reduced to the greatest distress since General CLINTON carried off the milch cows. This will probably induce such of their rebellious parents, as are not totally devoid of natural affection, to sue for pardon, lay down their arms, and take the benefit of his Majesty's gracious proclamation.

† A large populous and opulent city, situated on the Western side of the HUDSON'S river, about 55 miles South of Albany.—

It

Bind laurels round our VARRO's brows,
 Speed joyful tidings to the Howes,
 That Gates's army droop's ;
 In victory they feel disgrace,
 And shrink abash'd, afraid to face †
 Disarm'd—indignant troops.

Hunger alone makes Britons yield ;
 With bellies full, they brave the field,
 And scorn capitulation !
 But Arnold play'd the very thief,
 Stole off their pudding, bread and beef,
 So took them by *starvation* !

It was taken by storm the 17th of October, and the garrison (composed of all the villains in North America) put to the sword. The houses were set on fire as a signal to inform General Burgoyne of the approach of Mr. Clinton's co-operating army.—In the military style it was saying—*Nous voici !*

† Gen. Gates, from an affected generosity (for the honour of soldiership) to spare the British troops the mortification of having the yankies witnesses of their humiliation, ordered his banditti not to stir out of their tents, when Lieutenant Gen. Burgoyne gave the word of command, both in German and English, to the whole line (according to the terms of the capitulation) to pile their arms.—But the true reason of this boasted magnanimity, was because Mr. Gates and his poltroons did not feel themselves bold enough to be spectators of so august and awful a ceremony.

Sir

Sir William's conquests raise a smile,
 Lo, RED-BANK yields, and eke MUD ISLE,
 Which Hessians storm'd—pell-mell !
 The ditch was wet,—they had no † bladders,
 The wall was high,—they had no ladders,
 So Donop fought and fell !

We've scalps to grace the new knights' * collars,
 Reduc'd in price—to just three dollars ‖,

† Col. Donop might have been supplied with a sufficient number of both these articles for twenty pounds, which would have insured him success ; besides saving the lives of six hundred gallant Hessians, who cost this country (on a moderate computation) forty pounds a man, before they can be transported to America ; consequently here would have been a nett saving of 23,980*l*. In a country where there is no scarcity of wood, the Provost Marshall (or military Jack Ketch) whose duty is to provide ladders, can have no excuse. [Vide Sir William Howe's letter.]—As few of the foreign troops can swim, they should be always furnished with bladders when they take the field. Vide King of Prussia's regulations, and Marshal Saxe's reveries.

* A new order of Knighthood (at the request of Lord Suffolk) is to be speedily instituted, and confined to such of the Scotch noblemen or gentry as will raise regiments for the American service at their own expence. They are to be called Knights of the Tomahawk. Their collars will be decorated with scalps, and they are to wear scalping knives whenever they appear at court.

‖ A French scalp cost 10*l*. last war ; but, by General Burgoyne's œconomy, the price was reduced to three dollars.—[Vide Gates's letter.]

Our

Our Indians found such game ;
Will North desert the glorious chace,
Give up the war, resign his place,
And end his days with shame ?

To Adams ope St. James's gates,
As envoy from the Rising States !
'Twould give our Liege the gripes ;
Ask valiant Gambier if it's fit
That OCEAN'S QUEEN should e'er submit
To thirteen rebel stripes ?

No,—pour out Britain's blood and riches,
Take hungry Donald without breeches,
And coax bold Kate of Russia :
Ally with negroes, gypsies, Danés,
Stab with Scotch Dirks, and Irish Skanes †,
And scorn the king of Prussia.

We'll make the house of Bourbon dance ;
When Yankey-land is join'd to France,

† Six regiments of loyal papists to be raised in Ireland, and armed with skanes, which, by Spenser's description, are a sort of Hibernian scalping knife. The Dirk is well known in this country since 1745.

Be Britain's thunder hurl'd :
 In triumph let our navy ride,
 Whilst vaunting Sandwich cries with pride,
 " Old England 'gainst the world."

How are thy subjects, Albion, blest !
 The East as happy as the West,
 As Pigot's ghost will tell us :
 If on one hero's || acts I dwell,
 With envy every Scot would swell,
 And Lovat's clan be jealous.

What though our debt the greater grows,
 We always may defy our foes,
 E'en when our credit's shaking :
 For if the Dutch will lend no more,
 We'll pay Mynheer the heavy score,
 And clear ourselves by breaking.

Why should we whiggish zealots fear ?
 His Grace of York and cropt Shebbeare,
 Are royal scribes appointed ;
 Passive obedience they will preach,
 From all the loyal texts that teach
 To love the lord's anointed.

|| Col. Stuart's generous, manly conduct, is sufficiently
 known.

Moral

Moral Gazettes spread law and truth,
To check the venom that our youth

Suck in from Woodfall's paper :
Both houses should the king addeſs,
To grant an *imprimatur*-prefs † ;

No JUNIUS then will vapour.

Send Saville, Barré, Burke, to jail,
No Habeas Corpus, and no bail ;—

Will then old Chatham riot ?
From dungeons dark the Yankeys turn,
At Smithfield every rebel burn,
And give the nation quiet,

To Cranmer's ſtake be Adams || ty'd,
Mild Markham preaching by his ſide,

The traitor's heart will gain ;
For if he ſees the blaze expire,
Locke's works ‡ he'll ſling to wake the fire,
And put him out of pain.

The

† All true friends to liberty call aloud for a licenſing act, other-
wiſe our civil and religious rights muſt ſuffer. The laſt act expired
in 1694. Vide Blackſtone's COMM.

|| The notorious Sam. Adams.

‡ The good biſhop could not do a more eſſential ſervice to his
country, than by deſtroying the heretical, ſeditious writings of
this

The mitred peers with holy song,
(As the procession moves along †)

Kneel

this author; at the very time he extended his christian charity to a traitor.—On Mr. Locke's detestable revolution principles, rebels may be justified; nay, in many instances they may deserve the highest applause. On his principles (which are now so universally held in contempt) it would be no difficult matter to prove that king, lords, and commons, and both our armies (I forgot Gen. Burgoyne's capitulation) were in a state of actual rebellion against America. I'll quote Mr. Locke to shew how he perverts words by his definitions.—“ Thirdly, I answer that this doctrine of
“ a power in the people of providing for their safety anew, by a
“ new legislative, when their legislators have acted contrary to
“ their trust, by invading their property, is the best fence against
“ rebellion, and the probablest means to hinder it:—For re-
“ bellion being an opposition not to persons, but authority, which
“ is founded only in the constitution and laws of the government;
“ those (whoever they be) who by force break through, and by
“ force justify their violation of them, are truly and properly
“ rebels: for when men by entering into society and civil govern-
“ ment have excluded force, and introduced laws for the prefer-
“ vation of property, peace and unity amongst themselves, those
“ who set up force again in opposition to the laws, do Rebelle, are,
“ that is, bring back the state of war, and are properly rebels.”—
[Locke on Civil Government]—I appeal to the candour of the public, which of the two, the Congress or the Parliament of Great Britain, are rebels; admitting (merely for argument's sake) Mr. Locke's principles.—Taxation on such principles, (I beg Dr. Johnson's pardon even for the supposition) might be proved tyr-
ranny.

Kneel to the Faith's Defender ;
 And pray him to pursue that plan,
 Which made all Scotia, to a man,
 Abjure their own Pretender.

ranny.—Taking away the American charters, shutting up their ports, destroying their fisheries, making prizes of their ships (very justly and classically called by Mr. Dundas *Starvation Bills*) altering the mode of trial by juries, rejecting their petitions, and sending out fleets and armies to reduce them, (though all this was done for their security and happiness) might, I say, on Mr. Locke's republican principles, bear the fallacious appearance of being oppressive and unconstitutional *acts*.

† It is supposed that the king and the reverend bench will attend the execution of the rebels: an *AUTO DE FE* is always a Gala Day in Portugal.

CON.

CONGRATULATORY ODE,

ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM WINDHAM, ESQ; OF
FELBRIGG, NORFOLK, 1778.

BY THE SAME.

*Musis amicus, tristitiam & metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis.*

HOR. Lib. I. Ode 26.

TO Windham tune no venal lyre ;
His name shall every note inspire,
And consecrate my lays :
Let freedom's sons no more complain,
Again they'll hear his manly strain,
And join in heart-felt praise.

Shall Windham fall, in bloom of youth
Endued with genius, knowledge, truth,
Fitted for virtue's thrine ?
—O Jebb ! appease the fever's strife,
(Britain owes you her Gloster's life,)
I'll sing your skill divine.

No more in festive mirth we sit,
Nor selfish humour, wine, or wit,

No

Slow move the languid hours :
Of thee, my friend, alone we speak;
Whilst Sorrow dewes the pallid check,
And on each visage low'rs.

For you the timid blushing maid
With tenderest wishes fervent pray'd,
(Love every accent wings ;)
But now she tunes her grateful voice,
And makes the vocal lyre rejoice,
While rapture wakes the strings.

O ! born to bless the common-weal,
To emulate a Keppel's zeal,
In time's proud agnals bright ;
When each indignant sailor rav'd,
And VICTORY's signals vainly wav'd
'To call the Recreant Knight : *

I've seen thy Roman spirit rise,
I've mark'd the light'ning of thine eyes
Along the embattled line :
Ardent, 'fair freedom's sword to wield,
To lead her offspring to the field,
And like a Hambden shine*

* Sir Hugh P——r.

VOL. II.

G

Again

Again we'll turn the classic page,
Where Greece defies a tyrant's rage,
And soars above control :
Then liberty her sons could charm,
Nerve every hardy Chieftain's arm,
And fire his generous soul.

Townshend *, with quick sensations blest,
Will snatch you to a soldier's breast,
By ancient friendship ty'd ;—
Who knew, who lov'd thy noble fire,
To all his fame sees thee aspire,
And feels a father's pride.

Around you will the patriot band,
With transport throng to press your hand,
And mutual welcomes blend :
From Burke the tear of joy will start,
Ca'ndish will clasp you to his heart,
And Saville hail his friend.

* Lord Viscount Townshend.

[For the ODES to Sir JAMES LOWTHER and GENERAL ARNOLD, by the same, vide Vol. IV. pages 232 and 259.]

EPI-

E P I G R A M,

ADDRESSED TO THE GENIUS OF SCOTLAND.

WEEP Scotia, weep, and thy hard fate deplore,
 Since dire Rebellion quits thy smiling shore :
 Around her standard stubborn Yankies fight,
 And rob North Britons of their ancient right :
 Who in full chorus lift their voice and sing,
 " Scotchmen alone should fight against their
 King."

SCOTCH LOYALTY, ALWAYS THE SAME.

A N E P I G R A M.

SCOTCHMEN are virtual rebels their own-way,
 They shun the camp, but in the court betray ;
 Of force and fraud vile Sawney bears the seed,
 The down and prickles of his native weed.

G 2

AN

A N O D E,

ADDRESSED TO LORD G——E G——N, ON
HIS APPROACHING DISSOLUTION.

I.

MY Lord, to celebrate your praise,
Your perishable fame to raise,
And brighten S——'s name :
My flowing numbers wildly great,
Shall speak your merit—now compleat !
Resisting more than shame.

II.

Alas ! how callous to this wound,
No spark of honour to be found,
Within your cankred heart :
Yet still to keep your nauseous breath,
Survive a sentence worse than death,
Out-plays a traitor's part !

III.

Yes ! History's remotest page,
To Britons with indignant rage,

Shall

Shall make your fame revive :
 When you dissolve in crumbling dust,
 And moulded clay shall form your bust,
 Then S—LLE's name shall live !

IV.

Your victories shall marble grace,
 Your German trophies we shall trace,
 Display'd o'er Minden's plain :
 While Fame revers'd †, her trumpet sounds,
 Reclining honour counts her wounds,
 Departing in disdain.

V.

A solid, senseless form ingrate,
 In attitude of servile state,
 Shall your perfections show :
 Brisk NED your prowess shall relate,
 And CUMBERLAND shall mourn your fate,
 ☞ THAT MONUMENT OF WOE.

† The sagacious reader will easily discover, that the position of Fame alludes to Hudibras's description of that double-mouthed goddess,

ON SOME LATE PUBLICATIONS.

CURS'D be the pen by faction sway'd,
 The tool of blind invective made,
 The foe to virtuous fame,
 That dares amongst the mean and base,
 With more than German rancour place
 Much injur'd SACKVILLE's name.

When half America was lost,
 And timid DARTMOUTH left his post,
 He took the dang'rous lead ;
 To vindicate insulted laws,
 And hazard in his country's cause,
 His fortunes and his head.

With affluence blest, and blest with friends,
 Connected for no selfish ends,
 His happiness was home ;
 He knew the joys of private life,
 He lov'd his children and his wife,
 Nor wish'd abroad to roam.

Already tofs'd on boist'rous seas,
 His object was domestic ease ;

Not

Not all the smiles of court,
 Not all that lavish princes give,
 Or greedy favourites receive,
 Could tempt him out of port.

But, by the will of adverse fate,
 When foul rebellion shook the state,
 And poison'd half the realm ;
 No luke-warm prudence cou'd controul
 The patriot spirit of his soul ;
 He boldly grasp'd the helm.

He only heard his country's call,
 Ease, comfort, quiet, safety, all
 That wisdom's thought to teach,
 Submitted to the vast desire
 To keep the empire still entire,
 Or perish in the breach.

THE BIRTH DAY.

ROUND ——'s chair, in triple rows,
 The Courtiers stood to gaze,
 And every tongue in flatt'ry dipt,
 Bedaub'd him o'er with praise:

I pray you friend, says furly JOHN,
 Who stood behind the chair,
 Do, ope that widow, and let out
 This d——d corrupted air.

A MONODY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

URG'D to come down, and press'd to stay,
 How shall I while flow time away ?
 From l'Ennui how defend me ?
 Oh ! TOWNSHEND, could my hand-like thine,
 Command the comic pencil's line,
 Yon groups would well befriend me.

That gift denied, perhaps the muse
 Her pleasing aid may not refuse,
 But tuneful notes inspire ;
 And now she mourns o'er HANB'RY'S dust,
 May these revering fingers trust,
 To touch his broken lyre.

'Then strike the chord, for Sawbridge speaks,
 And, reason's foe, crude motion makes
 From mental indigestion ;
 Yet here the babbler's craft is shown,
 Who 'scapes by rising ere 'tis known,
 The damning roar for question.

T——Y, stern scowling, cannot bear
 That worthless heads should honours wear,

But

But under foot would trample ;
And who his patriot word will doubt,
That recollects he turn'd one out
A fit and great example.

What though away thy audience run,
ADAIR proceed, that boar begun,
Medusa could not still 'em ;
For when you're up, if guts complain,
The long hour comes to ease their pain,
To empty or to fill 'em.

Ah CHARLES ! would some blest power divide,
Thyself from thee, that hand might guide
The helm and rule the nation ;
But now thy whole's so ill combin'd,
We praise the tongue, and give the mind
Our scorn and execration.

When BURKE his thunder hurl'd around,
The trembling string refus'd to sound,
Th' admiring nine carefs'd him :
And whilst he heaven and earth defy'd,
Smil'd on the mighty madman's pride,
Convinc'd the God posses'd him.

Like as the kind attendant shower,
Ordain'd to check the lightning's power,

Secures the world from burning :
 So DUNNING, that disgusting form,
 And voice, is sent to stay the storm
 Of dang'rous parts and learning.

Wit, malice, cunning, knowledge, sense,
 Together braise with impudence
 From fam'd Hibernian quarry ;
 Sharp set this weapon will be fit
 To arm a SHELBURNE, stab a PITT,
 In short—will be a BARRE'.

Peace to the rest ; for faction now
 To shield her sons, with poppied brow,
 Bids Hartley stand before me ;
 Goddess the potent charm I own,
 Sleep lulls the house, the muse is flown,
 And dullness creeps all o'er me.

FROM

FROM ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL, NOV. 21.

A N O D E,

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MONODY.

O BARD! whene'er you rhyme again,
In blacker tints pray dip your pen,
The muse's aid implore;
Perchance a tragic muse may stoop
To sing of that heroic group,
On t'other side the floor.

And yet—to raise their laurels higher,
Asks not the chord of your dull lyre,
Touch'd by the quill of goose;
But such a cord as oft you see
On Hounslow's plain swung o'er a tree,
And ending in a noose.

Tho' none (like TWITCHER) filch a purse,
With pirates or with thieves converse,
Nor cut a single throat;
To rob three millions at a time,
Or butcher thousands is no crime;
Hence are our fleets afloat.

G 6

With

With ev'ry brute of Noah's ark,
Legions of human brutes embark,
Vot'ries to sword and fire :
May half, like S—CKV—LLE, prove alert,
Like Co—NW—LL t'other half desert !
From conscience—not for hire.

Young bees forsake their native hive,
By travel—and by toils they thrive,
With ease and plenty dwell ;
Say, when the parent-swarm hath flown,
Tho' rich in honey of their own,
To plunder ev'ry cell ?

That this be just—hear yon Sc——h gang ;
Here GIBBY's * and DUND—s's † twang,
The genius of starvation !
“ The faulchion's edge—the cannon's thunder,
Shall make America knock-under,
Or ruin either nation.”

Sawney ‡ bring up your corps of blacks,
Set oliv'd Indians on their backs,
The Rufs beat out their brains !
The Switzer too shall leave his Alps,
With Briton's deal for British scalps,
The only trade remains !

* Sir GILB—ELL—T. † Jud. Adv. of Sco——d.

‡ ALEX——A WEDDER——.

ELL—s.

ELL—s * come next—thou boar of boars,
The oldest boar within these doors ;
Yet IN—s †, 'tis agreed,
The boar fam'd Meleager flew,
Was a poor harmless boar to you,
Of Caledonia's breed.

THURL—E § approach with rugged DICK ‡,
Both fly and faucy as Old Nick,
Avow your Bedford-creed :
So void of sense—so damn'd audacious,
Hotter than that of Athanasius :
A direful one indeed !

Next for a Nap—behind the clock,
While STANL—Y and the Sur—y Cock || !
Upon their legs appear.
Then pause awhile, my dear Sir GREY **,
And ere you make me run away,
This for your Master's ear :

“ Boreas ††, whose bloated blust'ring jowl,
“ Can urge the storm, or can controul,
“ Keep not so bold a fail !
“ There's scarce a man will stand the deck ;
“ The vessel lies a perfect wreck ;
“ She'll founder in the gale !”

* Right Hon. W—R—ELL—s. † Late member for Il—r.
§ Attor—Gen—l. ‡ RICH—D RIG—Y, Pay—r Gen. || Col.
ONSL— **. Sir GR—COO—r, Lord N—h's Sec. †† L. N—h.

THE

THE FOLLOWING VERSES WERE INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT THE MISCHIANZA, PHILADELPHIA, ADDRESSED TO GENERAL HOWE ON HIS LEAVING THE ARMY; BUT THE GENERAL WOULD NOT PERMIT THEM TO BE SPOKEN.

DOWN from the starry threshold of Jove's court
 A messenger I come, to grace your sport,
 And at your feet th' immortal wreath I lay,
 From chiefs of old renown, who bid me say,
 Like you, they once aspir'd to please the fair
 With all the sportive images of war,
 Round Arthur's board, when chivalry was young.
 In jousts and tilts their manly nerves they strung,
 Scorning to waste the intervals of peace
 In sordid riot, or inglorious ease :
 Martial and bold their exercises were ;
 Though Gothic, grand ; tho' festive, yet severe ;
 Design'd to fire the breast to deeds of worth,
 And call the impatient soul of glory forth.
 Thus train'd to virtue, when the trumpets sound,
 And red cross, streaming, led to holy ground,
 Or violated rights, and Freedom's call,
 Bade them chastise the perfidy of Gaul,
 Each lover, mindful of his plighted vow,
 A hero rose, inflam'd with patriot glow ;
 The cause of beauty his peculiar care,
 His motto still, " The brave deserve the fair."

AIR,

AIR, IN ARTAXERXES.

“ The soldier, tir’d of war’s alarms,
 Exults to feast on beauty’s charms,
 And drops the spear and shield :
 But if the brazen trumpet sound,
 He burns with conquest to be crown’d,
 And dares again the field.”

Oh ! be the example copied in each heart,
 Let modern Britons act the ancient part,
 And you, great Sir, these parting rites receive,
 Which, bath’d in tears, your hardy veterans give ;
 Veterans approv’d, who never knew to yield,
 When *Howe* and *Glory* led them to the field.
 To other scenes your country’s sacred cause
 Now calls you hence, the champion of her laws.
 Your veterans, to your brave successor true,
 By honouring him, will seek to honour you.
 And ye, bright nymphs, who grace this hallow’d
 ground,
 In all the blooming pride of beauty crown’d,
 Still strive to sooth the hero’s generous toils
 With what he deems his best reward, your smiles.

E P I.

E P I G R A M.

LORD BUTE, his ambition and wisdom, to shew,
 Resign'd the green ribbon, and put on the blue.
 To two strings already, the Peer's been preferr'd,—
 Odd numbers are lucky—pray give him a third.

E P I G R A M.

**ON DOCTOR FRANKLIN'S POINTED ELECTRICAL
 CONDUCTORS BEING TAKEN DOWN AT BUCK-
 INGHAM HOUSE, AND MR. WILSON'S BLUNT
 CONDUCTORS ERECTED IN THEIR STEAD.**

OUR public buildings to defend
 From the keen lightning's brunt,
 Some pointed rods would recommend,
 Others prefer the **BLUNT**.

Let me too, 'midst this learned throng,
 Shew how to save our structures;
 Alas! we've tried the blunt too long,
 We now want **SHARP CONDUCTORS**.

F. R. S.

O D E,

O D E,

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY;

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ; POET
LAUREAT, AND PERFORMED AT ST. JAMES'S ON
THE FOURTH OF JUNE, 1776, BY HIS MA-
JESTY'S BAND OF MUSICIANS.

YE western gales, whose genial breath
Unbinds the glebe, 'till all beneath
One verdant livery wears :
You soothe the sultry heats of noon,
Add softness to the setting sun,
And dry the morning's tears.

This is your season, lovely gales,
Thro' Æther now your power prevails ;
And our dilated breasts shall own
The joys which flow from you alone,

Why, therefore, in yon dubious sky,
With out-spread wing, and eager eye
On distant scenes intent,

“ Sits Expectation in the air.”——
Why do alternate hope and fear
Suspend some great event ?

Can Britain fail ?—the thought were vain ;
The powerful empress of the main

But

But strives to smooth th' unruly flood,
And dreads a conquest stain'd with blood.

While yet, ye winds, your breezy balm
Thro' nature spreads a general calm,
While yet a pause fell Discord knows ;
Catch the soft moment of repose,
Your genuine powers exert ;
To pity melt th' obdurate mind,
Teach every bosom to be kind,
And humanize the heart !

Propitious gales, O wing your way !
And whilst we hail that rightful sway
Whence temper'd Freedom springs ;
The bliss we feel to future times
Extend, and from your native climes
Bring peace upon your wings !——

A B A L

A B A L L A D,

WRITTEN, OR RATHER SPOKEN, BY A GENTLE-
MAN, AT COMING INTO A COFFEE-HOUSE, FROM
THE ABOVE MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

SAY no more of the breezes—some wine and to-
bacco,

A plague on his west, 'tis an arrant † sirocco ;
As I live the damn'd poet has brought 'em together,
To warble of winds, and to sing of the weather.

Then he talk'd, filly fellow, of tumult and war,
And he set Expectation aloft in the air,
Like a witch on her broom looking out of the north,
To see if the storm she had rais'd was gone forth.

Time was, that a laureat sweetly would sing
Of the virtue, or valour, or wit of the king.
That time is no more, and we now cannot hear,
Any praise of our monarch once in a year.

† A pestilential south-west wind.

“ A south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er.”

Caliban. *Tempest*, Act. IV.

But

But has he forgot it, or has he not known,
What his queen to the world of her bounty hath
shown ?

And how the great folk went to see it, and kiss it ?
What an op'ning there was, zounds how could he
miss it !

Here's his Majesty's health ; if his course he can
keep, he'll
Be father, as well as be king of his people :
For he shall beget him a nation of princes,
When this shall be slain, to subdue his provinces.

Here's health to the king ; to his queen more of
her dues ;
To his poet more wit to display his best virtues ;
To his council more wisdom (may Heaven soon
send it)
And freedom to those who have hearts to defend it.

O D E,

WRITTEN AT HOLLAND HOUSE, SEPTEMBER, 1776.

OFT to these walls the pilgrim grey,
With labour'd travel worn ;
Has hasten'd at the parting day,
And shelter'd till the morn.

The

The poor way farer, distant bound,
 Pacing the frequent-haunted ground,
 His feeble limbs less toil'd wou'd find;
 Refresh'd, he'd slumber thro' the night,
 With pray'rs, depart at early light,
 Yet—leave his soul behind.

No longer echoes round the hall
 The strange romantic tale;
 Nor mirth provokes, nor tripping ball,
 The laugh o'er nut-brown ale.

Hope droops! whilst o'er each gothic room,
 Pale melancholy spreads a gloom,
 And pity mourns the ruin'd seat;
 Old hospitality is fled,
 And northern FAMINE in his stead,
 Here, fixes her retreat.

Back fly reflection——truth severe!
 Let fancy for a while,
 To † PEMBROKE lend a scornful sneer,
 To † WINNINGTON a smile.

† The busts of Lord Pembroke and Mr. Winnington, the minister, in the parlour; remarkable for such countenances.

Behold!

Behold ! the marble * busts turn pale,
At red'ning † LENOX's sad wail !

The ‡ FAUN no more his pipe shall play ;
And see ! the || EAGLE's anger'd eye,
Reproach the hungry passing by,
That robb'd him of his prey !

Soft sheds the moon her tranquil beam,
* Where still the RICHMONDS live,
Conversing lo ! the DIGBYS seem,
The sons of honour grieve !—

Sure, sounds of sad lament arise !
Peace !—'twas alone my echoed sighs.

What deep distress † that aspect wears !
That eye which once outshone the day
With frowns like mine, bright form array !
Mine,—will I hide in tears.

• The white busts in the hall.

† A bust of one of the dukes of Richmond of a ruddy complexion.

‡ A figure of a piping Faun : his instrument is broke.

|| The bird held by a Ganymede to the Eagle, was destroyed by the servants of the present tenant : this figure is companion to the Faun, and stands in the hall.

* The painting gallery, adorned with the portraits of the families of the Lenox's, Digby's, and Fox's.

† The mother of the present Duke of Richmond, portrayed in widow's weeds.

THE

THE STATESMAN.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

BUFE loves arbitrary rule,
 A rule which plays the devil ;
 NORTH, tho' his first and fav'rite tool's
 A secondary evil.

GERMAIN t' atone for former crimes,
 Roars out for blood and slaughter ;
 And whilst on these he rings the chimes,
 Ne'r thinks of an hereafter.

RISBY and WEYMOUTH, with French claret,
 Join in the chorus, " Let us war it,
 " Tho' Britain be undone !"
 Whilst JEMMY TWITCHER cries huzza !
 Then sings a catch, or mumbles W—Y,
 Or maudlin beats his drum.

JENKINSON creeps a go-between,
 A shifter of each cab'net scene,
 A puppet mov'd by wire ;
 A running footman to the thane,
 To do all jobbs—or foul, or clean—
 An ev'ry thing for hire.

Fain would I SUFFOLK's name rehearse,
 SUFFOLK once sung in patriot verse,

But

But here my muse must end ;
 For DECIUS like, those paltry viws,
 Which kings to specious patriots use,
 Bid him call BUTE his friend.

In law, one JEFFERIES rules alone,
 For B——, on his woolpack throne,
 Is mockery and pretence ;
 JEFFERIES, who gives his sense for law,
 Then whip—beholds he finds a flaw,
 And gives his law for sense.

To these are join'd some lesser hacks,
 A kind of chorus to the packs,
 Whose bus'ness 'tis to rattle ;
 Day puffers at Great Britain's sale,
 Who now will praise, or now will rail,
 Or at the levee prattle.

Protect us mighty Providence !
 What would these madmen have ?
 First they would rob us of our pence,
 Deceive us without common sense,
 And without power enslave.

Shall free-born men, in humble awe,
 Submit then to this shame ?
 Who from consent and custom draw,
 The same right to be rul'd by law,
 Which kings pretend to reign.

JUPITER

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

A F A B L E.

WRITTEN SOME TIME SINCE BY DAVID GARRICK,
ESQ.

HERE, Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was
mellow,

Go fetch me some clay—I will make an odd fel-
low :

Right and wrong shall be jumbled,—much gold, and
some dross :

Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be he
cross ;

Be sure as I work, to throw in contradictions,

A great love of truth ; yet a mind turn'd to fic-
tions :

Now mix these ingredients, which warm'd in the
baking,

Turn to Learning, and Gaming, Religion, and
Raking,

With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste ;

Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with
fine taste ;—

That the Rake and the Poet o'er all may prevail,

Set fire to the head. and set fire to the tail :

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H

For

For the joy of each sex on the world I'll bestow it :
 This Scholar, Rake, Christian, Dupe, Gamester,
 and Poet,
 Thro' a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
 And among brother mortals—be GOLDSMITH his
 name !
 When on earth this strange meteor no more shall
 appear,
 You Hermes shall fetch him,—to make us sport here !

E P I G R A M.

BY THE SAME.

SAYS epicure Quin ! should the D—I in H—I,
 In fishing for men take delight,
 His hook bait with ven'son, I love it so well,
 By G--d, I am sure I should bite !

QUIN'S SOLILOQUY,

ON SEEING DUKE HUMPHRY AT ST. ALBAN'S.

BY THE SAME.

A Plague on Egypt's arts, I say !
 Embalm the dead ! on senseless clay

Rich

Rice, wines and spices waste !
 Like sturgeon, or like brawn, shall I
 Bound in a precious pickle, lie,
 Which I can never taste ?

Let me embalm this flesh of mine
 With turtle-fat, and Bourdeaux wine,
 And spoil th' Egyptian trade !
 Than Humphry's duke more happy I—
 Embalm'd alive, old Quin shall die
 A mummy ready made.

EPITAPH ON MR. QUIN.

BY THE SAME.

THAT tongue, which set the table on a roar,
 And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more !
 Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
 Which spoke, before the tongue, what Shakespeare
 writ.
 Cold are those hands, which, living, were stre. h'd
 forth,
 At Friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
 Here lies James Quin ! deign, reader, to be taught,
 (Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
 In Nature's happiest mould however cast)
 To this complexion thou must come at last.

H 2

EXTEN-

EXTEMPORE, ON HEARING A CERTAIN IMPERTINENT ADDRESS IN THE NEWS-PAPERS.

BY GARRICK, THOMSON, &c.

THOU essence of dock, of valerian and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of this age,
The worst that we wish thee for all thy damn'd
crimes,
Is to take thy own physic and read thy own rhimes.

ANSWER TO THE JUNTO.

THEIR wish must be in form revers'd,
To suit the doctor's crimes ;
For, if he takes his physic first,
He'll never read his rhimes.

DR. HILL'S REPLY TO THE JUNTO'S EPIGRAM.

YE desperate junto, ye great, or ye small,
Who combat dukes, doctors, the devil and all !
Whether gentlemen, scribblers, or poets in jail,
Your impertinent curses shall never prevail ;
I'll take neither sage, dock, nor balsam of honey :
Do you take the physic, and I'll take the money.

ANTI-JUNTO,

EPI.

E P I G R A M,

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER DR. HILL'S FARCE CALLED
THE ROUTE, WAS ACTED.

FOR phyfic and farces,
His equal there scarce is ;
His farces are phyfic,
His phyfic a farce is.

TO DR. HILL, UPON HIS PETITION OF THE LET-
TER I TO MR. GARRICK.

BY THE SAME.

IF 'tis true, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the better ;
May the right use of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fix'd by the tongue and the pen ;
Most devoutly I wish that they both have their due,
And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*.

H 3

GRACE.

G R A C E.

BY THE SAME.

YE beaux esprits, say, what is GRACE?
 Dwells it in motion, shape, or face?
 Or is it all the three combin'd,
 Guided and soften'd by the mind?
 Where it is not, all eyes may see;
 But where it is,—all hearts agree:
 'Tis there, when easy in its state
 The mind is elegantly great;
 Where looks give speech to ev'ry feature,
 The sweetest eloquence of nature;
 A harmony of thought and motion,
 To which at once we pay devotion.
 —But where to find this nonpareil!
 Where does this female wonder dwell,
 Who can at will our hearts command?
 —Behold in public—CUMBERLAND!

T O

TO MR. DERRICK,

UPON HIS RECALLING HIS ORDERS AGAINST
DANCING MINUETS IN SACKS.

BY THE SAME.

LYCURGUS of Bath,

Be not given to wrath,
Thy rigours the fair should not feel :
Still fix them your debtors,
Make laws like your betters,
And as fast as you make them—repeat.

S O N N E T.

BY THE SAME.

MUST I, Clorinda, ever court ?

Why all these pains your flame to smother ?
Or is it that I'm made your sport
To recommend you to another.

Whate'er the cause, of this be sure,

Love's keenest shaft has touch'd my heart ;
Nor will the wound admit of cure,
Until we're either friends or—part.

H 4

UPON

UPON MR. MASON'S TAKING ORDERS.

BY THE SAME.

TO Holderneffe, the muses three,
 Of Painting, Music, Poetry,
 To him, their long-lov'd patron, friend,
 In grievous pet this letter send —

Give ear, my Lord, while we complain,
 Our sex to you ne'er sigh'd in vain.
 'Tis said—A youth by you befriended,
 Whom to your smiles we recommended;
 Seduc'd by you, abjures our charms,
 And flies for ever from our arms!
 Could D'Arcy, whom we lov'd, caress'd,
 In whose protection we were bless'd,
 Could he, to whom our Sire imparts
 That secret rare to taste our arts,
 Could he, ungrateful, and unkind!
 From us estrange our Mason's mind?
 Could he, who serves and loves the nation,
 So little weigh its reputation,
 As in this scarcity of merit,
 To damp with grace poetic spirit?
 But be assur'd your scheme is vain—
 We must, he shall be ours again:
 Nor crape nor lawn shall quench his fires,
 We'll fill his breast with new desires;

In

In vain you plead his ordination,
 His cassock, gown, and grave vocation,
 Whate'er he now has sworn, he swore,
 With stronger zeal to us before :
 He pass'd our forms of consecration,
 His lips receiv'd our inspiration ;
 To him were all our rites reveal'd,
 From him no myst'ry was conceal'd——
 Each kindred pow'r obey'd our call,
 And grac'd the solemn festival !
 The Loves forsook their Cyprian bow'rs,
 And round his temples wreath'd their flow'rs ;
 The Graces danc'd their mystic maze,
 Our Father struck him with his rays ;
 And all our Sisters one by one,
 Gave him full draughts of Helicon !
 Thus bound our servant at the shrine,
 Ordain'd he was, and made divine.

ON THE ACADEMY

FOR TEACHING GROWN PEOPLE TO DANCE.

BY THE SAME.

MARSEILLES no more shall boast his art,
 Which form'd the youth of France ;
 For you instruct, great Duke and Hart,
 Grown Gentlemen, to dance.

H 5

He

He only bends the pliant twig ;
 You strike a bolder stroke ;
 You soften rocks, make mountains jig,
 And bend the knotted oak.

ON JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

BY THE SAME.

TALK of war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance,
 That one English soldier will beat ten of France ;
 Would we alter the boast from the sword to the pen,
 Our odds are still greater, still greater our men :
 In the deep mines of science tho' Frenchmen may toil,
 Can their strength be compar'd to Locke, Newton,
 and Boyle ?
 Let them rally their heroes, send forth all their pow'rs,
 Their verse-men, and prose-men ; then match them
 with ours !
 First Shakespeare and Milton, like gods in the fight,
 Have put their whole drama and epic to flight :
 In

In satires, epistles, and odes would they cope,
 Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope;
 And Johnson well arm'd, like a hero of yore,
 Has beat forty † French, and will beat forty more.

A R I D D L E.

BY THE SAME.

KITTY, a fair, but frozen maid,
 Kindled a flame I still deplore;
 The hood-wink'd boy I call'd in aid,
 Much of his near approach afraid,
 So fatal to my suit before.

At length, propitious to my pray'r,
 The little urchin came;
 At once he fought the mid-way air,
 And soon he clear'd, with dextrous care,
 The bitter relicks of my flame.

To Kitty, Fanny now succeeds,
 She kindles slow, but lasting fires:
 With care my appetite she feeds;
 Each day some willing victim bleeds,
 To satisfy my strange desires.

† The number of the French academy employed in settling
 their language.

H 6

Say,

Say, by what title †, or what name,
 Must I this youth address?
 Cupid and he are not the same,
 Tho' both can raise, or quench a flame—
 I'll kiss you, if you guess.

SIR WILLIAM YOUNG TO HIS LADY,

ON HAVING AN EYE BEAT OUT.

How vain are all the joys of man,
 By nature born to certain sorrow;
 Since none, not e'en the wisest can
 Insure the pleasures of to-morrow!
 These eyes, so late my envy'd boast,
 By Celia priz'd above all other;
 See one, alas! for ever lost,
 Its fellow weeping for its brother.
 Yet still I'm blest while one remains,
 For viewing lovely Celia's beauty;
 Her looks still ease acutest pains,
 With tenderest love and cheerful duty.
 Had I for her in battle strove,
 The fatal blow I'd borne with pleasure;
 And still to prove my constant love,
 With joy I'd lose my single treasure.

† The chimney-sweeper.

E'en

E'en then the beauties of her mind
 Would amply blefs her faithful lover ;
 He must be deaf as well as blind,
 Who can't my Celia's charms discover.

E'en then I'd find one solid bliss,
 Which Heav'n alone to me dispenses ;
 Tho' deaf and blind, her balmy kifs
 Would ravish the remaining senses.

MR. GARRICK,

INVITED AND STRONGLY-PRESSED TO PASS A WEEK
 " EN FAMILLE " AT WARWICK CASTLE, ARRIVES, IS SHEWN THE CURIOSITIES LIKE A
 COMMON TRAVELLER, TREATED WITH CHOCOLATE, AND DISMISSED DIRECTLY, UPON WHICH
 HE WROTE THE FOLLOWING VERSES.

SOME strollers † invited by Warwick's kind earl,
 To his castle magnificent came ;
 Prepar'd to respect both the owner and feat,
 And to shew them due honour and fame.
 His chambers, his kitchen, his cellars, they prais'd,
 But, alas ! they soon found to their cost,
 That if they expected to feast at his house,
 They reckon'd without their great host.

† One or two persons were with Mr. Garrick.

He

He shew'd them Guy's pot, but he gave them no
soup,

No meat would his lordship allow,
Unless they had gnaw'd the blade-bone of the boar,
Or the rib of the famous dun cow.

" But since you're my friends (says this complaisant
peer)

" I'll give you a new printed book,
Which may to your tastes some amusement afford,
" 'Tis the hist'ry of Greville and Brooke."

Since your lordship's so civil, well-bred, and polite,
Pray pardon one curse from a finner ;
For our breakfast we thank you, our very good lord,
But a plague on your family dinner.

AN INSCRIPTION FOR THE CASTLE GATEWAY.

WHEN Neville, the stout Earl of Warwick, liv'd
here,

Fat oxen for breakfast were slain ;
And his friends were all welcome to sport and good
cheer,

And invited again and again ;—
His nerves are so weak, and his spirits so low,
This earl, with no oxen does feed 'em ;
And all of the former great doings we know,
He gives us a book—and we read 'em.

1768.

D. G.

N A T U R E

NATURE AND GARRICK.

AS Nature and Garrick were talking one day,
 It chanc'd they had words and fell out;
 Dame Reason wou'd fain have prevented a fray,
 But could not, they both were so stout.
 Says Garrick, I honour you, madam, 'tis true;
 And with pride to your laws I submit:
 But Shakespeare paints stronger and better than
 you,
 All critics of taste will admit.
 How! Shakespeare paint stronger and better than
 me!
 Cries Nature, quite touch'd to the soul;
 Not a word in his volumes I ever could see,
 But what from my records he stole.
 And thou, wicked thief—nay, the story I'll tell—
 Whenever I paint or I draw,
 My pencils you filch, and my colours you steal;
 For which thou shalt suffer the law.
 And when on the stage in full lustre you shine,
 To me all the praise shall be giv'n:
 The toil shall be your's, and the honour be mine;
 So Nature and Garrick are even.

A B A L-

A B A L L A D.

OCCASIONED BY THE ENLARGING OF THE HOUSE
OF OFFICE AT THE D— OF D— SEAT IN
SUSSEX, FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF THREE
LADIES AT ONCE, VIZ.

THE D—SS OF R—D, L—Y A—LE, AND
MISS P—ST.

BY THE SAME.

THE Graces were play-fellows never afunder,
As Horace and all the old poets agree ;
This being once granted, why then 'tis no wonder,
That, whene'er you see one, you always see
three,

In bed, and at table,
Still inseparable,
No mortal, or God, e'er to part them was able :
Nay, e'en to do that which goddeses do,
If one had occasion, still went t'other two.

So, in Suffex, three nymphs, or three graces, choose
either,

O were I but Horace their praises to tell !
From morning to evening were always together,
And did, as they say, that same thing in a quill :
In

In the park, or the grove,
 Below, or above,
 Not an inch e'er a one from the other would move;
 One only thing grieved and vexed their souls,
 Where there should have been three, there were
 but two holes.

With curt'fy full low to the prince of the place,
 In terms the most moving they jointly petition,
 By all that is sacred beseeching his grace,
 To have some regard on their helpless condition.
 The paper he read,
 And nodding his head,
 Send for Smart to come over this moment, he said,
 For sure in the world there is no reason why,
 When two friends are fitting, the third should
 stand by.

The chalk-pit was dug, and mortar was made,
 And bricks without number from Hampnesh there
 came,
 When our architect too, who well knew his trade,
 Made by one single fabric immortal his name:
 Then prithee give o'er,
 Think of builders no more,
 Throw thy plummet, and trowel, and hod out of door;
 So had done, without question, both Archer and Van,
 Had they had the honour to furnish the plan.

Now,

Now, all you who these three of your zeal would
convince,

And desire that in pain they may never be long,
Congratulate them, and give thanks to the prince,

By clearing your voices, and aiding my song:

For now when they're sat,

They may sing, laugh, and chat,

Yet all under one, without hindrance do that;

And at the same time their friendship improve

By what we all count the beginning of love.

FROM THE SPANISH.

BY MR. GARRICK.

FOR me my fair a wreath has wove,

Where rival flowers in union meet;

As oft she kiss'd the gift of love,

Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

A bee within a damask rose

Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;

But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,—

And fixes on Louisa's lip.

There, tasting all the bloom of spring,

Wak'd by the ripening breath of May,

Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,

And with the honey flew away.

AN

AN OLD PROPHECY IN GOTHIC CHARACTERS,
FOUND UPON A STONE IN THE RUBBISH OF THE
NEW BUILDINGS (AT BATH) APRIL 1, 1769.
WRITTEN ON OCCASION OF THE DISPUTES RE-
LATING TO THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES,
ON THE DEATH OF MR. DERRICK.

BY THE SAME.

IN the fame year when fix and nine,
To one and feven their forces join ;
When priests, who preach and pray for peace,
With rancour fell the feuds increafe ;
And tho' they combat, play the devil,
That good may rife from rev'rend evil :
When Bristol smugglers shall invade
Their neighbour's rights, and hurt fair trade :
When money gives an unknown crew,
To judge of what they never knew,
To prate and vote for men and meafures,
And chufe a master for our pleafures ;
Then shall the realm be topsy turvy,
And thofe command who ought to ferve ye ;
Order and decency retreat,
And anarchy fhall fill the ftreet,
Shall all her hellifh uproar bring,
E'en to the palace of the king.

MERLIN, JUN.

MR.

MR. ANSTEY * TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ;

ON MEETING HIM AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE.

THRO' ev'ry part, of grief or mirth,
 To which the mimic stage gives birth,
 I ne'er as yet, with truth could tell,
 Where most your various pow'rs excel.
 Sometimes amidst the laughing scene,
 Blithe comedy, with jocund mien,
 By you in livelier colours dress'd,
 With transport clasp'd you to her breast :
 As oft the buskin'd muse appear'd,
 With awful brow her sceptre rear'd ;
 Recounted all' your laurels won,
 And claim'd you for her darling son.
 Thus each contending goddess strove,
 And each the fairest garland wove.

But which fair nymph could justly boast
 Her beauties had engag'd you most,
 I doubted much ; 'till, t'other day,
 Kind Fortune threw me in your way ;
 Where, 'midst the friendly joys that wait
 † Philander's hospitable gate,
 Freedom and genuine mirth I found,
 Sporting the jovial board around.

* Author of the New Bath Guide.

† Rigby.

"Twas

'Twas there with keen, tho' polish'd, jest,
 You sat, a pleas'd and pleasing guest ;
 With social ease a part sustain'd,
 More humorous far than e'er you feign'd.
 " Take him, I cry'd, bright comic maid,
 " In all your native charms array'd ;
 " No longer shall my doubts appear :"
 When Clio whisper'd in my ear,
 " Go, bid it be no more disputed,
 " For what his talents best are suited ;
 " In mimic characters alone
 " Let others shine—but Garrick in his own."

MR. GARRICK'S ANSWER.

AS late at Comus' court I sat,
 (Observe me well, I mean not that
 Where ribaldry in triumph sits,
 Delighting lords, and 'squires, and cits ;
 But there, where mirth and taste combine,
 And Rigby gives more wit than wine)
 Suspended for a while the joke,
 With rapture of your muse we spoke ;
 But all blam'd me, cry'd out, oh ! fye !
 What ! send to verse a prose reply ?
 My friend, the Colonel, made the attack,
 And wicked Calvert clapp'd his back.

Nay,

Nay, Pottinger, tho' low in feather,
 And somewhat ruffled by the weather,
 Would peck and crow ; and Madam Hale
 Flew at my manners tooth and nail.
 What ! send to Anstey such dull stuff ?
 'Twas modesty, dear Hale ; don't huff.
 Cou'd I but rhyme as much as you,
 And think that much as charming too,
 I'd write, and write again ; I care not ;
 But, as I feel, indeed I dare not.
 Then Cox let loose his silver tongue ;
 O d—n it, David, you are wrong.
 While independent Plummer cry'd,
 He'd not vote plump on either side.
 E'en Boon, who ne'er inclines to satire,
 With modest sense and much good nature,
 Cou'd not but say there was some blame,
 And sweet † Eliza blush'd the same.
 My wife look'd grave, but made it known
 The right to vex me was her own.
 Our landlord shook his sides and shoulders,
 Both at the scolded and the scolders :
 For that to him is always best,
 Which raises and supports the jest.
 No baited bear was e'er so worry'd ;
 I took my hat, and home I hurry'd,

† Mrs. Boon.

Re-

Resolv'd, as well as I was able,
 To ask your pardon in a Fable ;
 The best excuse my prudence knows,
 For answ'ring your choice verse in prose.

A monkey of the sprightly kind
 Could mock and mimic half mankind :
 Cou'd twist him to a thousand shapes ;
 In short, a perfect jackanapes.
 As once our mimic Pug display'd
 His talents in the summer shade,
 By chance a nightingale was there,
 Well pleas'd the farce to see and hear.
 His joy began his notes to raise ;
 He warbled forth the monkey's praise.
 Pug, too much flatter'd, thought it wrong,
 Not to return his thanks in song ;
 And such a fit of squalling took him,
 Beasts, birds, and nightingale forsook him.
 An owl, who in a hole was dreaming,
 Was rais'd at once with all this screaming ;
 Who-o-hoo ! hoo ! neighbour, curse your clatter !
 Zounds ! are you murder'd ? what's the matter ?
 The monkey to his senses brought,
 And must'ring what he had of thought,
 Told to the owl his silly tale,
 How he had scar'd the nightingale.
 Grave Madge began to roll her eyes,
 And being what she seem'd, most wise,

Thus

Thus spoke—Thou empty-headed thing,
 Skip, grin, and chatter—never sing,
 Wou'd you, without a voice, or ear,
 Tune up, when Philomel is near ?
 Nature her pleasure has made known,
 That nightingales shou'd sing alone.

TO MR. GARRICK, FROM MOUNT EDGECUMBE,

BY THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

LEAVE, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly
 gay,
 Docks, forts, and navies bright'ning all the bay.
 To my plain roof repair, primeval seat !
 Yet there no wonders your quick eye can meet ;
 Save, should you deem it wonderful, to find
 Ambition cur'd, and an unpassion'd mind.
 A statesman without pow'r, and without gall,
 Hating no courtiers, happier than them all.
 Bow'd to no yoke, nor crouching for applause,
 Vot'ry alone to freedom, and the laws.
 Herds, flocks, and smiling Ceres deck our plain,
 And interspersed, an heart enliv'ning train
 Of sportive children, frolic o'er the green :
 Mean time, pure love looks on and consecrates the
 scene.

Come,

Come then, immortal spirit of the stage,
 Great nature's poxy, glass of every age,
 Come ; taste the simple life of patriarchs old,
 Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp
 or gold.

MR. GARRICK'S ANSWER.

WHEN Peleus' son, untaught to yield,
 Wrathful forsook the hostile field ;
 His breast still warm with heav'nly fire,
 He tun'd the lay and swept the lyre.

So Chatham, whose exalted soul,
 Pervaded and inspir'd the whole ;
 Where far, by martial glory led,
 Britain her sails and banners spread,
 Retires, tho' Wisdom's God dissuades,
 And seeks repose in rural shades.
 Yet thither comes the God confess'd,
 Celestial form, a well known guest.

Nor slow he moves with solemn air ;
 Nor on his brow hangs pensive care ;
 Nor in his hand th' historic page
 Gives lessons to experienc'd age ;
 As when in vengeful ire he rose,
 And plan'd the fate of Britain's foes ;

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I

While

While the wing'd hours obedient stand,
And instant speed the dread command.

Chearful he came, all blithe and gay,
Fair blooming like the son of May;
Adown his radiant shoulder hung
A harp, by all the Muses strung;
Smiling he to his friend resign'd
This soother of the human mind.

THE PETITION OF THE FOOLS TO JUPITER.

A F A B L E.

WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.; AND AD-
DRESSED TO THE LATE EARL OF CHESTER-
FIELD.

FROM Grecian Æsop, to our GAY,
Each fabulist is pleas'd to say,
That Jove gives ear to all petitions
From animals of all conditions;
Like earthly kings he hears their wants,
And like them too, not always grants.

Some years ago—the Fools assembled,
Who long at STANHOPE's wit had trembled,
And with repeated strokes grown sore,
Most zealously did Jove implore,

That

That he should shield them from that wit,
Which, pointed well, was sure to hit :
'Twas hard, they said, to be thus baited,
They were not by themselves created ;
And if they were to folly prone,
The fault, they hop'd, was not their own.

Jove smil'd, and said—Not quite so fast :
You were, indeed, made up in haste ;
With little care I form'd your brain,
But never made you pert and vain :
STANHOPE himself would be your friend,
Did you not strive my work to mend ;
And wildly straying from my rules,
Make yourselves fops, whom I made fools :
But tell me how, for I am willing
To grant your wish, on this side killing,
And shield you for the time to come.—

“ Strike CHESTERFIELD, deaf, blind, and
dumb.

“ First, in his tongue, such terrors lie,
“ If that is stopp'd he can't reply :
“ To stop his tongue, and not his ears,
“ Will only multiply our fears ;
“ He'll answer both in prose and verse,
“ And they will prove a lasting curse :
“ Then stop, O fire of gods and men !
“ That still more dreadful tongue, his pen :

I 2

“ Spare

“ Spare not, good Jove, his lordship’s fight,
 “ We ne’er shall rest, if he can write.”

Hold, hold—cries Jove, a moment stay;
 You know not, fools, for what you pray:
 Your malice, shooting in the dark,
 Has driv’n the arrow o’er the mark.
 Deaf, dumb, and blind, ye silly folk!
 Is all this rancour for a joke?
 Shall I be pander to your hate,
 And mortals teach to rail at fate?
 To mend a little your condition,
 I’ll grant one third of your petition;
 He shall be deaf, and you be free
 From his keen, brilliant repartée,
 Which, like high-temper’d, polish’d steel,
 Will quicker wound than you can feel:
 With fear, with weakness, we comply,
 But still what malice asks, deny:
 How would APOLLO, HERMES, swear,
 Should I give ear to all your pray’r,
 And blast the man, who from his birth
 Has been their fav’rite care on earth?
 What, tie his tongue, and cloud his sight,
 That he no more can talk than write!
 I can’t indulge your foolish pride,
 And punish all the world beside.

ANSWER,

ANSWER, BY LORD CHESTERFIELD.

GARRICK, I've read your Fool's Petition,
 And thank you for the composition;
 Tho' few will credit all you say,
 Yet, 'tis a friendly part you play;
 A part which you perform with ease;
 Whate'er you act is sure to please.

But give me leave, on this occasion,
 To make one little observation:
 Though no good reason is assign'd,
 At least not any I can find,
 Why I should be deaf, dumb, or blind;
 Yet since it was resolv'd above,
 By this same fool-obeying Jove,
 I must not speak, or hear, or see,
 Surely to soften the decree,
 He might have left the choice to me.
 Were that the case, I would dispense
 With fight, and wit, and eloquence,
 Still to retain my fav'rite sense;
 For grant, my friend, we would admit
 What some may doubt, that I have wit;
 What are the mighty pow'rs of speech,
 What useful purpose do they reach!
 When vain and impotent you see,
 Ev'n down from Socrates to me,

All the bons-mots that e'er were said
 To mend the heart, or clear the head;
 Fools will be fools, say what we will,
 And rascals will be rascals still.

But rather I your case would be in,
 Say you, than lose the pow'r of seeing ;
 'The face of nature, you will say,
 Is ever chearful, ever gay,
 And beauty, parent of delight,
 Must always charm the ravish'd sight.

This choice perhaps I might commend,
 But here, you have forgot, my friend,
 That Nature's face, and Beauty's heav'n,
 Lose all their charms at seventy-seven ;
 'The brightest scenes repeated o'er,
 As well you know, will please no more ;
 The prospect's darken'd o'er with age,
 The drama can no more engage,
 We wish, with you, to quit the stage.

In short, it is a point I'm clear in,
 The best of senses is, our hearing;
 Happy who keeps it still, and he
 Who wants must mourn the loss like me ;
 For though little should regret
 The table's ear where fools are met,
 'The flatt'ring tribe who sing or say
 The lies or tattle of the day ;

Still

Still have I cause for discontent,
 Still lose what most I must lament,
 The converse of a chosen few.
 The luxury of—hearing you.

MR. GARRICK

SENT THE FOLLOWING LINES TO A NOBLE-
 MAN, WHO ASKED HIM, IF HE DID NOT IN-
 TEND BEING IN PARLIAMENT.

MORE than content with what my labours gain,
 Of public favour though a little vain ;
 Yet not so vain my mind, so madly bent,
 To wish to play the fool in parliament ;
 In each dramatic unity to err ;
 Mistaking time, and place, and character ;
 Were it my fate to quit the mimic art,
 I'd “ strut, and fret,” no more in any part ;
 No more in public scenes would I engage,
 Or wear the cap and mask on any stage.

A D V I C E

TO THE MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM,

UPON A LATE OCCASION.

BY MR. GARRICK. WRITTEN IN 1765.

WELL may they, Wentworth, call thee young :
 What hear and feel ! fift right from wrong,
 And to a wretch be kind !
 Old statesmen would reverse your plan
 Sink, in the minister, the man,
 And be doth deaf and blind.

If thus, my lord, your heart o'erflows,
 Know you, how many mighty foes
 Such weakness will create you ?
 Regard not what Fitzherbert says,
 For tho' you gain each good man's praise,
 We older folks shall hate you.

You should have sent, the other day,
 Garrick, the player, with frowns away ;
 Your smiles but made him bolder ;
 Why would you hear his strange appeal,
 Which dar'd to make a statesman feel ?
 I would that you were older.

You

You should be proud, and seem displeas'd,

Or you for ever will be teaz'd,

Your house with beggars haunted :

What, ev'ry suitor kindly us'd ?

If wrong, their folly is excus'd,

If right, their suit is granted.

From pressing crowds of great and small

To free yourself, give hopes to all,

And fail nineteen in twenty :

What, wound my honour, break my word !

You're young again.—You may, my lord,

Have precedents in plenty !

Indeed, young statesman, 'twill not do,—

Some other ways and means pursue,

More fitted to your station :

What from your boyish freaks can spring ?

Mere toys !—the favour of your king,

And love of all the nation.

UPON A CERTAIN LORD'S GIVING SOME THOU-
SAND POUNDS FOR A HOUSE.

BY THE SAME.

SO many thousands for a house,

For you, of all the world, lord Mouse !

I 5.

A little

A little house would best accord
With you, my very little lord ;
And then exactly match'd would be
Your house and hospitality.

UPON SEEING MR. TAYLOR'S PICTURES, OF
BATH, AND HEARING A CONNOISSEUR SWEAR
THAT " THEY WERE FINELY PAINTED FOR
" A GENTLEMAN."

BY THE SAME.

TELL me the meaning, you who can,
Of " finely for a gentleman !"
Is genius, rarest gift of heaven,
To the hir'd artist only given ?
Or, like the Catholic salvation
Pal'd in for any class or station ?
Is it bound 'prentice to the trade,
Which works, and as it works is paid ?
Is there no skill to build, invent,
Unless inspir'd by five per-cent ?
And shalt thou, Taylor, paint in vain,
Unless impell'd by hopes of gain ?
Be wise, my friend, and take thy fee,
That Claud Lorraine may yield to thee.

A N

A N E P I T A P H

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE LATE WORTHY
AND REV. MR. BEIGHTON, OF EGHAM, WHO
WAS VICAR OF THAT PLACE FORTY-FIVE
YEARS.

BY THE SAME.

NEAR half an age, with ev'ry good man's praise,
Among his flock the shepherd pass'd his days ;
The friend, the comfort of the sick and poor, .
Want never knock'd unheeded at his door ;
Oft when his duty call'd, disease and pain,
Strove to confine him, but they strove in vain !
All moan his death, his virtues long they try'd,
They knew not how they lov'd him till he dy'd :
Peculiar blessings did his life attend,
He had no foe, and Camden was his friend.

COLLOQUIAL EPIGRAM.*

W I L M O T.

YOU should call at his house, or should send him
a card,
Can Garrick alone be so cold?

G A R R I C K.

Shall I, a poor player, and still poorer bard,
Shall Folly with Camden make bold?
What joy can I give him, dear Wilmot declare?
Promotion no honours can bring;
To him the Great Seals are but labour and care—
With joy to your Country and King.

* Soon after the promotion of Lord Camden to the Seals, Mr. Wilmot, his lordship's purse-bearer, called at Hampton, where learning that Mr. Garrick had not yet paid his congratulatory compliments, the conversation between the two gentlemen furnished Mr. Garrick with the subject of the Epigram; in which, with an admirable address, our English Roscius has turned an imputed neglect into a very elegant panygeric on that truly patriotic nobleman.

V E R S E S

VERSES TO MR. GARRICK,

ON RECEIVING HIS PORTRAIT, PAINTED BY
MR. DANCE.

GARRICK ! whate'er resembles thee
Must ever claim regard from me ;
Well pleas'd I view thy counter part,
And highly praise the Painter's art.
Arduous the task is, great the merit,
To represent that fire and spirit,
Those piercing eyes, that speaking face,
That form, compos'd of ease and grace :——
All this I feel ;——could feelings do,
Then I should be a Painter too ;——
I should draw **GARRICK**, and perchance
Produce a work, t' outrival **DANCE**.

But **GARRICK**, sure thou needst not send
A gift of this sort to thy friend,
As if that friend requir'd to see
Something to make him think of thee.

Whoe'er has seen thy wond'rous pow'rs,
Whoe'er has shar'd thy social hours,
Can he, can such a one forget
Thy native humour, sterling wit ?
No, **GARRICK**——he must surely find,
Deeply imprinted on his mind,

In

In such warm tints thy form and face,
No time or distance can efface.

LINES BY MR. GARRICK,

UPON THE BACK OF HIS OWN PICTURE, WHICH
WAS SENT LATELY TO A GENTLEMAN OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

THE mimic form on t'other side,
That you accepted is my pride ;
Resembles one so prompt to change,
Through ev'ry mortal whim to range,
You'd swear the lute so like the case,
The mind as various as the face.
Yet to his friends be this his fame,
His heart's eternally the same.

CONVERSATION.

SCENE, THE THEATRE.

MR. GARRICK IN THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET,
AND THE TWO GRAVE-DIGGERS.

1st GRAVE-DIGGER.

SINCE you have thrust us out of your play, Sir,
be so good to say where you would have us dispose of
our tools, and what we should put our hands to next.

2d. DITTO.

2d DITTO. Ay, and what we should do with the ready-made grave—There it is—I know you don't like to have property lie dead, and I'm afraid no man living will take it off your hands.

GARR. Truly, gentlemen, that is a consideration ; 'tis a pity mens' labour should be lost ; suppose you step into it yourselves—

1st GR. DIG. In good faith I have worked so long for the dead, that I am scarce company for the living.

2d DITTO. Twenty and five years have I knockt Yorrick's scull about this floor, and never thought any other scull would take up the quarrel : under favour, why did you leave us out of your play ?

GARR. Because the age does not like to be reminded of mortality ; 'tis an unseemly sight, and very disgusting to a well-bred company.

1st GR. DIG. It won't be amiss, however to keep the grave open ; 'twill stand in place of a theatrical fund, and be a lasting provision for actors retiring from the stage.

2d DITTO. Or for a poet retiring from damnation ; 'twill take him in and his works too.

GARR. Yes, but those curs, the critics, will be scratching 'em up again.

1st GR.

1st GR. DIG. Hang 'em, mongrils, they'll only bark upon his grave ; they're no staunch terriers ; they'll not lie at an earth.

2d DITTO. Somebody else will draw them off ; yourself as likely as another ; a living author is their game.

GARR. Marry, they do not seem to have much dealings with the dead ones. If one was bent on moralizing now, I could point out a hundred better tenants for that grave than any you have nam'd.

1st GR. DIG. As how, good-Sir ? we shall be glad to see our work come into use.

GARR. In the first place I wou'd bury Envy.

1st GR. DIG. Ah ! Sir, it is not deep enough.

GARR. Ambition——

2d GR. DIG. Lackaday, it is not wide enough.

GARR. Gaming—villians with masques, and profligates without them ; coteries of women out of character, and clubs of children out of school ; nobles that desert their country-houses, and merchants that drive to them all that is rotten in the city, or corrupt at St. James's ; the bulls of Jonathan's and the black-legs of Newmarket.

1st GR. DIG. Bless you, what a throng ! the Pantheon wou'd not hold them.

GARR.

GARR. The men, I grant you, could not be bodily deposited six feet by three, but virtually they might be buried in a nut-shell.—But hark, what noise is this under ground ? Mercy be good unto us—Who is this ?

(The spirit of SHAKESPEARE arises)

Angels and ministers of grace !——

SHAKESPEARE.

Proceed ;

And let my organs spiritually feed
From those harmonious lips, whose quick'ning
breath
So oft hath chear'd me in the arms of death ;
And now by potency of magic sound
Calls up my spirit from the deep profound :
Speak to thy Shakespeare——

GARRICK.

Hail, much honour'd name ;
Friend of my life, and father of my fame :
If whilst I draw each weed that idly creeps
Around the tomb, where thy lov'd Hamlet sleeps,
Incautiously I have forgot to spare
Some flower, which thy full hand had scatter'd
there,
Impute it not——

SHAKE-

SHAKESPEARE.

Freely correct my page :
 I wrote to please a rude unpolish'd age ;
 Thou, happy Man, art fated to display
 Thy dazzling talents in a brighter day ;
 Let me partake this night's applause with thee,
 And thou shalt share immortal fame with me.

I AM a theatrical politician, and can talk as learnedly in my field of politics as you, or any of your correspondents, can do in your's. I can remember the day when a Gray's-Inn Journalist, or a Herald, has mauled a manager weekly, as ably as the Monitor or the North Briton has lately attacked the Minister. Some of you politicians allow Mr. Pitt to be a great man, but think he has been too fond of continental connections. In like manner, I not only allow Garrick to be the greatest actor the world ever saw, but also am of opinion, that he is an excellent manager ; and yet I must, as a true patriot, blame him for his encouragement of pantomime. Two Pantomimes in one winter, and the town had only sense enough to damn one. O tempora ! O mores ! But I shall conclude what I have to say at present, with taking notice, that the revolutions of theatres are as extraordinary as those of states and republics ; and tumults in kingdoms are scarce.

scarce attended with greater confusion than riots at the Playhouse. On these occasions great patriots, theatrical and political, chiefly shew themselves. Hampden, who opposed ship-money, is not more celebrated than Thady Fitzpatrick, who demolished full-price. The following poem is a parody on that celebrated ode of Dryden's, which that great orator, Mr. Sheridan, has so often recited with uncommon applause at Spring-gardens, Pewterers'-hall, Drury-lane Theatre, Oxford, Cambridge, and Bath; and I most heartily wish, that it were in my power to prevail with that Gentleman to employ his noble powers of elocution on the following parody.

F I T Z,

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FITZGIG'S TRIUMPH;*

OR, THE POWER OF RIOT:

A N. O D. E,

IN HONOUR OF THE 25TH AND 26TH OF JANUARY, AND THE 24TH OF FEBRUARY, 1763.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

'T WAS at the rabble rout, when Mima won
Thro' Fitzgig Fitzgig's son!
Below in aukward state
The blust'ring ruffian fate
On his audacious throne;
His noisy peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with malice and with rapine frown'd,
So footpads in the dark are found!
The blarneying Burky by his side,
In impudence and ignorance ally'd,
With brazen front was seen in riot's pride,
Shameless, shameless, shameless pair,
Well do your heads your hearts declare!
Our Garrick's voice on high
Awhile the rout confounds,
He runs with rapid skill thro' elocution's bounds;

* See the character of Fitzgig, drawn at length in Churchill's
Rosciad.

The

The lofty sounds ascend the sky,
 And in the fons of poetry
 Celestial joys inspire !
 From Shakespeare's self the lore he caught,
 From him the glowing pow'r possess'd,
 Who gaz'd on Nature's charms with eager ardour
 fraught,
 And to her pliant form with warmth resistless prest,
 (Extatic warmth, by which his lays
 Have been deriv'd to modern days !)
 Then, while he sought her lovely breast,
 While round her yielding waist he cur'd,
 He stamp'd an image of himself—a Garrick for the
 world.

The fons of taste admire the lofty sound ;
 A present Shakespeare—hark ! they shout
 around,
 A present Shakespeare—hark ! the vaulted roofs re-
 bound.

With dubious fears
 The General hears,
 Assumes the rod,
 The critic nod,
 And shakes his Midas' ears.

Thalia's beauties then the mighty master drew,
 Thalia, ever fair and ever new.

“ See

" See the pleasing nymph advance,"
 " Breathe the flute, and lead the dance."

Flush'd with bewitching grace,
 She shews her lovely face.

While the prevailing verse he strives to raise,
 And bids descriptive pow'r grow lavish in her
 praise.

Thalia, ever fair and young,
 Mirthsome joys did first ordain;
 Thalia's blessings are a treasure,
 Never-fading stream of pleasure,
 Which she pours from charmed cup,
 O'er the souls, " who've ta'en their freedom up."

Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,

To souls, " who've ta'en their freedom up,"
 Vex'd at the sound, the General's pride wax'd low,
 Too weak to ward off Reason's blow;
 Yet thrice he drown'd fair Justice' voice, yet thrice
 bawl'd

Y E S, or N O!

The master saw the madness rise,
 His swelling cheeks, his envious eyes,
 And, while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
 His ready hand he chang'd, and try'd to check his
 pride.

He

He chose the mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse;
 He sung Melpomene divine,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from her high estate,
 Dethron'd by Pantomime!
 Deserted in her utmost need
 By those her sacred labours fed,
 On the bare stage distressed she lies,
 With not a friend to bid her rise.

With downcast looks the joyless Gen'ral fate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various merits of the stage,
 And now and then a groan he stole,
 And shouts began to rage.

Beard, sweet musician, then essay'd
 The pow'r of harmony to prove,
 To poetry a kindred aid,
 With pity melting as with love!

Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
 He try'd to soothe his soul to pleasures;
 Jars, he sung, are toil and trouble,
 Faction a misleading bubble,

Path

Path to discontent and frenzy,
 Fighting still, and still destroying,
 Tho' the stage be worth thy envy,
 Think, oh ! think it worth enjoying :
 Let thy friendly fears advise thee,
 Think my Lord Chief Justice spies thee !

Fitzgig, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the man,
 Who check'd his plan,
 And groan'd and hiss'd, and groan'd and hiss'd,
 Groan'd and hiss'd, and groan'd again.
 At length with fear and shame at once oppress'd,
 Away the Gen'ral flunk, and left the rest.

Lo ! now the ruffians roar again,
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
 Break his bands of shame asunder,
 Recall him with a rattling peal of thunder !

Hark ! hark ! at the clattering sound,
 Burky rears up his head,
 And cries, " Is he fled ?"
 And amaz'd he stares round—
 Revenge ! Revenge ! then Burky cries,
 Lo ! the plunderers rise !
 See the sconces they tear,
 How they clash in the air,
 And the rapine that glares in their eyes.

Behold

Behold a dirty band,
 Each a club in his hand,
 Those are hireling slaves, who to eating are strangers,
 Who obey the command,
 Tho' shock'd at the dangers ;

Give the vengeance due
 To the bluff'ring crew ;
 Behold, how they toss up the benches on high,
 (O Fitzgig, return, and our victory spy !)
 How they break the orchestral abodes,
 How the instruments shatter by loads ?

The ruffians applaud with a furious joy,
 And a buck seiz'd a candle with zeal to destroy.
 Burky led the way,
 To guide them to their prey,
 And, like another Ganymede, reduc'd another
 Troy.

Not long ago,
 Ere bouncing braggarts dealt the blow,
 While blockheads yet were mute,
 Our Garrick to the feeling mind could suit
 His various art, each passion could inspire,
 Could kindle manly rage, or melt with soft desire.

At last enormous Fitzgig came,
 Inspirer of the robber's claim,

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K

The

The strange enthusiast impositions gives ;
 Quenching the fire of magic sounds,
 Adds length and strength to mimic bounds,
 With impudence and pride, and arts unknown to
 thieves.

Let judgment then resign the prize,
 And mourn her mangled crown ;
 She rais'd a Shakespeare to the skies,
 He threw a Garrick down.
 The plund'ers rend the roof with loud applause ;
 So Merit lost, and Riot won the cause.

M O N O D Y

ON THE DEATH OF MR. GARRICK.

OH, GARRICK !—dearest to the tenderest mind,
 Bright, faithful mirror of our varying kind ;
 Ere yet the Vision shall for ever flee,
 Swift, let my instant plaudit follow thee !

Pupil of Nature ! sure as seen to please,
 Thy voice was harmony, thy motion ease ;
 Matchless artificer of joy and woe,
 To long oblivion must thy talents go ?
 All that we suffer'd—when thy magic glance,
 O'er thousands drew at once th' infectious trance ;

Fear,

Fear, guilt, disdain, or heart-corroding care,
 Hatred, revenge, remorse, or deep despair ?
 All we enjoy'd—when Laughter's easy reign
 Cheer'd, at thy smiles, this family of pain ;
 And clowns or coxcombs gave, as you saw fit,
 To courts new graces, and new force to wit ;
 Then, ere the vision shall for ever flee,
 Swift, let my instant plaudit follow thee !

The happier Bard, whose tuneful numbers roll,
 And speak sweet ecstasy from soul to soul,
 Scarce charms the present more than future times,
 But lives, long ages on, in deathless rhymes,
 Johnson, thine earliest friend, his pen shall give
 Down to the world's last hour his name to live ;
 His sterling reasoning, and his moral pure,
 Till Truth herself should fail, his fame secure.
 The Painter's hand, which each fair form can
 trace,

Embody thought, and fix vanescent grace,
 Courts flying years with speedier wing to move,
 To crown his labours as his tints improve ;
 And, while on canvas each warm figure breathes,
 Hopes from posterity unfading wreaths ;
 Ev'n Music, airy power ! whose transient boon
 Sinks on the sense, and lives but to be gone,

Condens'd on paper, gives the sons to know
Those heav'nly sounds that sooth'd their father's
woe ;

While thine unequall'd skill, which brought to
view,

In Shakespeare, beauties that scarce Shakespeare
knew ;

In Kitley's sufferings gave us more than mirth,
Or rais'd to fame poor Druggier's humble birth ;
Taught every Muse a shorter, surer art,
To strike, or shine, to melt, or please the heart ;
Which to thy Reynolds could new hints bestow,
How lines should vary and how colours glow ;
Or, as thy tuneful accents sunk or swell'd,
Made Arne stand speechless at his art excell'd ;
And own, when Avon's banks † thy triumph
spread,

His scarce could follow where thy fancy led,
Dies in the use, howe'er my wish rebel,
Unknown, because impossible to tell.
Then, ere the Vision shall for ever flee,
Swift, let my infant plaudit follow thee !

† Dr. Arne told the writer of these lines, at Stratford-upon-Avon, that he never found composition so difficult as in the music for Mr. Garrick's Ode in the Jubilee, nor ever received so much satisfaction as on that occasion, after he completed the score.

One

One fleeting moment, as gay rainbows shine,
 Rich in each ray that beams from light divine ;
 One fleeting moment, as the Lover spies,
 Her whole soul sparkling in his Celia's eyes ;
 One fleeting moment, Pleasure's utmost reign,
 Which strength or wisdom would prolong in vain.
 The precious now, man's empire here below,
 Essential point of all we feel and know ;
 Be this our age's boast, here stood thy throne,
 Garrick, the precious now was all thy own !

Farewel ! admir'd, belov'd—our own no more,—
 Farewel ! with thee our mimic scenes are o'er ;
 This only left us, as the Visions flee,
 To follow Nature, and remember thee.

ON THE ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

BY CALSB WHITEFOORD, ESQ.

WHILST you and your correspondents are so laudably employed in watching over the welfare of the state, keeping a jealous eye on ministers, and pointing out the errors of government, I wish, Mr. Woodfall (if you could but find time for it) that you would pay some little attention to your own errors.

K 3

Perhaps

Perhaps it will appear the highest degree of presumption, to offer advice to a person in your eminent station, one who every day (Sundays excepted) dictates to Ministers, and counsels Kings; one who is read and admired in every part of the British dominions.

It is for this very reason, Sir, that I think it incumbent on me to tell you of your mistakes, for you cannot say with Job, "Albeit that I have erred, mine ERROR remaineth with MYSELF." No, Mr. Woodfall, your errors circulate far and wide; they misrepresent many, and mislead more; in short, the errors I mean, are errors of the press; or, as my learned friend, Sir James Hodges expresses them in one English-latin-singular-plural word, erratums.

Of all errata, the most harmless are those which make stark-staring nonsense. These are never imputed to the writer, but are corrected by the reader, in his own mind, as he goes along; but the dangerous ones are those which make a kind of half sense, and pass current as the sense of the author, until the day following, when your list of errata transfers the blame from the writer to the printer. However, I must say, that printers (with all their professions of candor) are as little apt to acknowledge their errors as the rest of mankind, for not one erratum

turn

sum in ten is ever acknowledged, and indeed I suppose they very seldom would, unless at the particular desire of the writer.

As I have said much about the errors of the press, it may naturally be expected that I should produce some proofs of what I have asserted. This I am enabled to do, having paid particular attention to them for some time past, and having looked more sharply after them, than the promotions civil or military, the prices of corn or of stocks, the list of ships or bankrupts, or of those paragraphs which inform who's dead, who's married, or who's hang'd.

But now for the particulars of the charge.

I have known you throw an injurious reflection on all the crown'd heads in Europe at one stroke, for instead of Potentates you have call'd them potatoes, as if they had been mere vegetables. As to the King of Prussia, you talk of him in a different stile, for instead of the Hero of Prussia, you have made him the Nero. Next day comes your apology, or your erratum, which sometimes, instead of mending matters, makes things worse, and, like an arch tinker, in stopping one hole makes two, as I remember my old friend Alderman Faulkner, of Dublin, corrected an error in his Journal, "Erratum in our last; for his Grace the Duchess of Dorset, read her

Grace the Duke of Dorset." Indeed a blunder seems to be something in the nature of a bog, the more you struggle the deeper you get into it. But to proceed. You have on several occasions used the Doge of Genoa extremely ill, and never have made him the least apology for omitting the last letter in his title; though if you had desired your readers next day, "instead of Dog, to read Doge," I do confess that it would have been no great reparation.

I remember the Irish parliament some time ago, were offended at something in the Public Advertiser, and took up the matter so warmly, that they ordered the paper to be burnt. Now, Mr. Woodfall, whether you have taken umbrage also and likewise, or whether it proceeds from negligence, I know not; but certain it is, that several unlucky mistakes have happened relative to that respectable body. At their first meeting, you told us (instead of a bill) that a motion would be made for leave to bring in a bull;—and afterwards another motion, that the order of the Dey be read, as if it was an Assembly on the coast of Barbary—You told us one day, that Lord ———, of the kingdom of Ireland, had been safely delivered of a daughter; and we were very anxious on my Lord's account, till the day following, when you delivered his Lordship

of

of the burthen, and brought the child into the world a more natural way.

In a late scuffle under the Piazza, Covent-Garden, you informed us that an Irish officer had got a confusion in his head; and you made no apology afterwards, thinking, I suppose, there was no occasion for any, as you were right to a T.

Not long ago you advertised a speedy cure for raptures, and I am afraid it gave some wicked bachelor occasion to scoff at the holy state of matrimony; for as the Devil would have it (I mean one of your Devils) the very next advertisement to it, was from a gentleman who wanted a wife, and over it was printed matrimony in capitals; consequently it appeared that matrimony was the most speedy and effectual cure for raptures, tho' of ever so long standing, &c. &c.

I have known you advertise instead of a never-failing remedy, an ever-failing remedy: Now, Sir, though this might be strictly true, yet I hold it not proper that it should be so set down, as I suppose the quack doctor paid you his money for conveying a very different sense to the public.—In a receipt lately published for the cure of the plague, instead of rue, you put rice, and so made a pudding of it; and in advertising a course of lectures, you turned a

syllabus into a syllabub ; and called the perpetual motion, a perpetual notion.

I wish you would be a little more cautious in advertising salivation not necessary ; for it happened, that by omitting the *i* in salivation, you gave great offence to some very good christians in my neighbourhood ; and also gave occasion to some wicked punsters to observe, that it was not the first time an eye had been lost in a salivation ; nay, that some people had been so unlucky as to lose a couple.

There is another advertisement which frequently occurs, beginning with, “ Whereas several evil-minded persons, &c.”—One day you made it evil-minded parsons, which was extremely unlucky ; for in these times of infidelity, people are too apt to scoff at the clergy, and indeed at all serious subjects ; as to myself, I must confess that I am particularly hurt at those impertinent levities with which some people indulge themselves, being a person of a serious turn of mind, and of a disposition rather saturnine and grave.

It too often happens, Mr. Woodfall, that “ what should be grave you turn to farce ;” I remember in your paper, a sensible pathetic letter, signed a Citizen ; he laments the internal state of this country, and you made it the infernal state ; when

he

he exclaimed sad reverse ! you made him cry out sad reverie ; he disapproved of all national reflections, you made him disapprove of all rational reflections ; and talking of the fate of empires, you made him say the fat of empires ; now as there are so many standing jokes about citizens being fond of fat, (whether turtle fat, or venison fat) this unlucky mistake quite spoiled the letter, disoblged my friend the Citizen, and “ all the fat was in the fire.” And here I cannot help taking notice of a paragraph some time since, containing an account of the election of a worthy Alderman for a certain ward, when instead of saying he was duly elected, you said he was dully elected, and thereby afforded a handle for breaking some common-place jests, on that respectable body of men, the Court of Aldermen. Another time, in the account of an entertainment given by a worthy Alderman, to the Deputy and Common Council of his ward, where they dined on turtle, you said they died on turtle ; as if they had all ate till they choaked or burst ; whereas, on the contrary, it was extremely remarkable, that none either over-ate themselves, or caught a surfeit that day.

From several articles, Mr. Woodfall, one would be apt to conclude, that you were no great geographer ; for you tell us of Corsairs fitted out from

Turin, instead of Tunis ; and that the Chinese had revolted against the Spaniards, instead of the Chinese ; now, though these two nations are on different sides of the globe, I suppose you thought they were near neighbours, being within an ell of each other. Last year, when the Russian fleet took the Isle of Lemnos, you told us that part of the squadron remained at the Isle of Candy, and the rest were going to attack the Isle of Lemons ; you supposed, no doubt, that Candy was a sugar island, and that they were gone to the Isle of Lemons for fruit, and so between them to supply the fleet (*pro bono publico*) with punch.

You have sometimes treated the Russians very injuriously, by calling them Ruffians ; and one day you told us, the combined army of the Turks and Tartars (instead of a Kam) was commanded by a Ram ; as if they had been a parcel of sheep : and when it was expected the two armies were coming to action, you said they were coming to Acton ; and as there was a considerable fall of stocks about that time, I have reason to think it was owing to the above report, or to some other equally alarming.

I trembled for you during the whole time of the congress at Fockzany, 'tis a ticklish word in the hands of a careless compositor, and one does not

know

know what terrible work he might make of it: Apropos, it is not long since you advertised a view of the canal of Venice, and you made it the canal of Venus: and in the account of a house-breaking, instead of the rogues broke in at the window, you said they broke in at the widow.

When you informed us that a certain lady was gone to pass the holidays, at her country seat near Corydon, every reader supposed that some scandal was meant, till the next day, when we learnt that there was no Corydon in the case, and that her ladyship was only gone to her country seat near Croydon.

One day you told us, that some English Lord, (whose name I have forgot) was arrived at Naples with his tabor; travelling with a tabor seemed to be an odd kind of conceit; but his Lordship (apparently) was fond of music, though the tabor and pipe seemed more adapted to a lugged bear, than a Lord on his travels; thus we reasoned, till the erratum of next day, desired us "for tabor, to read tutor."

If your compositors are bad geographers, they are at least as bad arithmeticians: wherever sums occur, they are sure to make a bad figure. I remember at different times last year, they made the compulsory India loan, 14000, 140000, and sometimes 14,000,000: in short, they have no adequate idea
of

of figures ; and as to cyphers, they consider them as meer nothings, and that adding or taking away two or three of them from a sum, makes no difference at all.

I have known you turn a matter of hearsay, into a matter of heresy ; Damon into a dæmon ; a delicious girl, into a delirious-girl ; the comic muse, into a comic mouse ; a Jewish Rabbi, into a Jewish Rabbit ; and when a correspondent, lamenting the corruption of the times, exclaimed O Mores ! you made him cry, O Moses !

You should consider, Mr. Printer, that there is a material difference, between acting with the utmost lenity and utmost levity ; between factious and facetious : fellow and felon ; imprudent and impudent ; resolution and revolution ; Runny-mead and running mad ; loud professions and lewd professions ; words and works ; soaring and roaring ; Thavies Inn and Thieves Inn ; minutes and minuets ; rubies and bobbies ; a tube and a tub ; all of which words, I have observed you, Sir, at times, use indiscriminately.

I know you will say that the people ought to consider the constant hurry which attends the publication of a daily paper ; that the Public Advertiser is in so great request, and people are so eager to get it, “ with all its imperfections on its head,” that you
really

really have not time to be more correct.—Ah, Mr. Woodfall! it would be well for mankind, if reformation, like charity, were always to begin at home; and that people would try to mend themselves, instead of bestowing so much fruitless and thankless pains in admonishing their neighbours. You, Sir, have bestowed much time, and labour, and oil, floods of ink, and reams of paper, in advising Ministers of State, and correcting the measures of government; and after all, I dare say, you yourself will allow, that they are, at this moment, not one bit better or wiser than when you first undertook to mend them.

Therefore take an old man's advice, friend Woodfall; set a pattern to thy brother printers; leave for a while the care of the State to those who are paid for it;—look at home;—begin a reformation there, and, “correct thyself for the example of others.”

I am,

Thy sincere well-wisher,

E M E N D A T O R.

FROM

FROM THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

Fortuito concursu hoc fieri, mirum est?

CICERO DE FIN.

S I R,

MY favourite reading, ever since I could read, has been in News-papers, and to them I am indebted for all my knowledge, and the greatest part of my amusement. This declaration may, at first sight, appear somewhat extraordinary; but I dare say it would cease to be so, if most of the fine gentlemen about town would be as candid and ingenuous as myself: They too would freely confess, that the figure they make in company is entirely owing to the occurrences of the day, with occasional essays, and literary articles in the public papers.

I don't intend, Mr. Woodfall, to pay you any extravagant compliments at the expence of your brethren; though I very much approve the general plan and conduct of your paper, and am often pleased to see in it some smart things shine through the dark cloud of politics, in which all our news-papers have long been envelop'd.

For several months past I have resided in the country, with a very agreeable family, about forty miles from London. The environs were most delightful,

lightful, and we had plenty of shooting, fishing, walking, and riding. But as the weather was frequently such as obliged us to keep within doors, we then endeavoured to amuse ourselves with cards and news-papers. Cards, to those who love play, are a vast fund of amusement. Every time the spots and pictures are shuffled, they afford fresh entertainment; but this is by no means the case with regard to news papers; for when you have once perused the four pages of unconnected occurrences, and miscellaneous advertisements, the abrupt transitions from article to article, without the smallest connection between one paragraph and another, overload and confuse the memory so much, that, when you are questioned, you can never give a tolerable account of what you have been reading. Hence it is, that one so often sees people peruse two or three news-papers, and throw them down, one after another, with the constant complaint of, Not a syllable of news—Nothing at all in the papers, to the great discredit of those daily vehicles of intelligence, and the great detriment of you, Mr. Woodfall, and the rest of your brethren. Now this is extremely unjust; for the fault (as already hinted) is not in the news-papers, but in the readers having taken too copious a dose, consisting of an olio, or

mixt

mixt composition of politics, religion, picking of pockets, puffs, casualties, deaths, marriages, bankruptcies, preferments, resignations, executions, lottery tickets, India bonds, Scotch pebbles, Canada bills, French chicken gloves, auctioneers, and quack doctors. What a curious jumble is this, and what wonder is it, that four folio pages of it, consisting of four columns each, should prove too potent a dose for the memory of most readers? But in perusing this matter, I had almost lost sight of the point I had originally in view, when I began this letter; which was to shew, that news-papers, as well as cards, were capable of affording a variety of entertainment. At present I shall only mention one improvement in reading the papers, which we practised in the country with great success; and that was, after we had read the Public Advertiser in the old trite vulgar way, i. e. each column by itself downwards, we next read two columns together onwards; and by this new method found much more entertainment than in the common way of reading, with a greater variety of articles curiously blended, or strikingly contrasted. In short, blind chance brought about the strangest connections, and frequently coupled persons and things the most heterogeneous; things so opposite in their nature and qualities, that no

man.

man alive would ever have thought of joining them together.

————— *Placidis eoeunt immitia,* —————

Serpentes avibus geminantur, tigribus agni.

As I always carry a pencil in my pocket, Mr. Printer, I used to set down those that were most remarkable ; and now send you a collection of them, to be inserted in your paper. I hope my very good friend and patron, the Public, will receive this attempt with his usual candour and indulgence, as it tends to promote the practice of reading, and to enlarge the circle of innocent amusement.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

PAPYRIUS CURSOR.

Yesterday Dr. Jones preached at St. James's, and performed it with ease, in less than sixteen minutes.

The sword of state was carried —————

before Sir John Fielding, and committed to Newgate.

On Sunday next the court will go into mourning; more particulars are expected relating to this black affair.

Last night the Prince's Royal was baptised; Mary, alias Moll Hacket, alias Black Moll.

This

This morning the Right Hon. the Speaker——
was convicted of keeping a disorderly House.

This day his Majesty will go in state to
sixteen notorious common prostitutes.

Their R. H. the Dukes of York and Gloucester
were bound over to their good behaviour.

The sun has been observed not to shine for some days,
occasion'd by the undue influence of a certain nobleman.

On Tuesday both Houses of Convocation met :
Books shut, nothing done.

Several changes are talk'd of at court ;
consisting of 5040 triple bob-majors.

Friday a poor blind man fell into a saw-pit,
to which he was conducted by Sir Clement Cottrel.

'Tis said that a great opposition is intended :
———Pray stop it, and the party——

A certain commoner will be created a peer.
† † † No greater reward will be offered.

Yesterday the new Board of Treasury met,
and every one present expressed the highest satisfaction——

Friends of the favourite will be totally excluded ;
the harvest in the North being almost over.

At a very full meeting of Common Council
the greatest shew of horned cattle this season.

An

An indictment for murder is preferred against
the Worshipful Company of Apothecaries.

Removed to Marybone, for the benefit of the air,
the city and liberties of Westminster.

Lately come out of the country,
the Middlesex Hospital, enlarged with a new wings

Sat out on his travels to foreign parts,
Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad,

The Free Masons will hold their annual grand lodge,
N. B. The utmost secrecy may be depended on.

Yesterday the new Lord Mayor was sworn in,
And afterwards tost'd and gor'd several persons.

'Tis said the ministry is to be new modell'd,
the repairs of which will cost the public a large sum annually.

This has occasioned a Cabinet Council to be held
at Betty's fruit shop in St. James's-street.

A fine turtle, weighing upwards of 20 pounds,
was carried before the sitting alderman.

The M—s of R—m will again be at the head of administration,
N. B. He can produce a good character from his last place.

Whereas the said barn was set on fire by
an incendiary letter dropped early in the morning.

The King of Prussia has wrote to our court
" if yow dant pote life powps in a sartan place"

India

India stock rose to 272,
and it was some time before it could be got under.

This morning will be married the Lord Viscount,
and afterwards hung in chains, pursuant to his sentence,

Escaped from the New Goal, Terence M'Dermot,
If he will return, he will be kindly received—

He was examined before the sitting Alderman,
and no questions asked.

This being St. Patrick's day, the tutelary saint of Ireland,
the standing committee will sit at twelve;

It was observed with the usual demonstrations of joy,
whereby much damage was done in the cellars about Westminster—

By order of the commissioners for paving,
An infallible remedy for the stone and gravel.

By the King's patent, British Herb Tobacco,
surreth smoaky chimnies. No cure, no pay.

An academy is open'd for the instruction of youth,
in order that none may pretend ignorance.

Elop'd from her Husband, Mary the wife of Simon,
A light dun, with a black mane and tail.

Any lady desirous of lying in privately
will be delivered at any part of the town,

Just open'd, a house for inoculation,
* * * Be careful to have the right sort.

Want.

Wants a place of all work,
A strong-bodied mare, mistress of 16 stone.

Wanted an housekeeper to an elderly gentleman,
warranted sound, wind and limb, free from blemish.

Wanted, to take care of an elderly gentlewoman,
An active young man, just come out of the country.

To be lett, and entered on immediately,
A young woman, that will put her hand to any thing.

Yesterday ended the Sessions at the Old Bailey,
of the utmost use in peopling our colonies : —

At this Sessions three were ordered to be branded.
§11§ None are genuine but such as have this mark.

To be sold to the best bidder,
My seat in Parliament being vacated ;

I have long laboured under a complaint
For ready money only.

The Turk's Head Bagnio is now opened,
Where may be had, price 5s. in sheets,

To the curious in perukes,
The College of Physicians will hold their anniversary.

Notice is hereby given,
and no notice taken,

TO HIM ONLY WHO FEELS THE JUSTNESS OF THE
CHARACTER.

IF yet the mole that heaves thy dirty breast,
Restless itself, can let another rest ;—
If yet those thoughts can form, those optics know,
A fight more grateful than domestic woe ;—
A while the licence of thy tongue command,
Nor call fresh thunders from an injur'd hand !

Survey the world !—glance round those friendly
eyes

And mark what themes for gen'rous pleasure rise !
To charm thy soul benign, the fates agree ;
Waves, ruin, sickness, militate for thee ;
For thee, the founder'd bark no more returns ;
For thee, the widow, thee, the orphan mourns ;
For thee, detraction taints the virgin's name ;
For thee, the plund'rer lights a midnight flame ;
For thee, are silent Gray's and Goldsmith's lyres ;
For thee, 'midst wealth and honour, — expires !
While casual woes thus heap thy gloomy store,
Say, Malice ! would'st thou fashion more ?
Still can'st thou twine Misfortune's thorny wreath ?
Still rise unsated from a feast of death ?
Still, wrapt in clouds, with poison'd shafts destroy,
And scowl around the pale sepulchral joy ?

Could'st

Could'st thou bid sleep each manly couch depart,
 Or lodge a vulture in each female heart,
 No public triumph would these acts attend ;—
 Thou dar'st not shew the undissembled friend :

Adieu ! and bless the pen, whose modest aim
 Assails thy temper, but protects thy name.—
 Controul thy tongue : compose thy ruffled brow ;
 While conscience tells thee—not a friend hast thou.
 Too well thou know'st thy savage reign is past ;
 Nor Folly's self will flatter thee at last.—
 Then grant to innocence a transient ease,
 Nor meanly venture where thou can'st not please ;
 No more the curse of libel'd worth ensure,
 Accuse the guiltless, or insult the poor ;
 Its honest gains let trade in comfort share,
 Nor envy women for the lace they wear ;
 For know—in rags shall truth conspicuous shine,
 While treachery sculks beneath a robe like thine—
 These careless lines, when — sets them free,
 Obscure to many, will be clear to thee.

TO BRASS CROSBY, ESQ;

*Virtus, repulſæ nescia ſordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
Nec ſumit aut ponit ſecures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.*

HOR.

SIR,

Dec. 13, 1774.

I Fully intended ſome time ago to have addreſſed a few lines to you in the public papers, but I deſpaired of obtaining a patient hearing at that time, as you were ſo much engaged in the important buſineſs of the City Election. That buſineſs is now over—The election is loſt—The people have rejected you. That very people, to whom you cringed in the moſt abject manner, have rejected YOU, and choſen MR. OLIVER. They have ſpurned at the proffered ſervices of the mean, fawning Sycophant, and have accepted the Man of rigid Virtue, “*Quem non civium ardor, PRAVA JUBENTIUM, mente quatit ſolida.*”

Absolved from your attendance in Parliament, you are now at leiſure to review your paſt conduct, and coolly to reflect on the fickle breeze of popularity.—You had the honour, Sir, during your mayoralty
TO BE COMMITTED TO THE TOWER with MR. AL-
derman

derman Oliver : but, alas ! how different was your conduct from that of the worthy Alderman ? Mr. Oliver was manly, firm and consistent ; not truckling to the leaders of faction, or courting the applause of the mob ; on the contrary, he had the courage to give praise where praise was due, and wrote a public LETTER OF THANKS to the officers of the Third Regiment of Guards.

When addresses were presented to you from the different wards of this great city, your answers were mean beyond example ; echoing back their absurd complaints, inflaming their passions (as much as your moderate abilities enabled you) and pandaring to their prejudices. Let us, however, suppose for a moment that you had acted in a manner becoming the Chief Magistrate of a great city, and (when these deluded Citizens came with their Addresses) that you had answered them with an honest bluntness and sincerity, checking the factious humour and licentious spirit of the times : let us suppose, but I beg pardon, it is impossible for any one that knows you, Mr. Croft, to suppose you capable of this, and therefore I will tell you what any plain, honest, well-meaning man would have done in your situation : in a word, I will tell you what I would have done.

L 2

When

When the inhabitants of a certain Ward (famous for the freshest oysters, and the coarsest English) came to present their Address, I should have answered them as follows :

MR. DEPUTY, MR. BEADLE, MR. MACE-BEARER,
AND GENTLEMEN OF THE WARD OF BILLINGS-
GATE,

“ You have clearly shewn, by this very polite Address, that you are capable (on some occasions) of civility and urbanity : this being the case, it is in your power, Gentlemen, to wipe off a standing reproach from your name and character : go, therefore, in peace ; return to the Ward of Billingsgate, and endeavour to talk to OTHERS in as polite a manner as you have done to ME.”

NOW FOR THE WARD OF CANDLEWICK.

“ Mr. Deputy, and Gentlemen of the Ward of Candlewick, I thank you for this kind Address, and am happy that you view my conduct in so favourable a light. There are doubtless many real grievances in the state, and much reformation is requisite. One of the greatest grievances that poor people labour under, is the dearness and badness of candles ; they waste so fast, and burn so very dim, that in truth it is much the same thing whether they are placed
under

under a bushel or in a candlestick.—Do you, Gentlemen, begin the great work of reformation, by remedying this grievance ; and in so doing set a good example to your superiors ; let your light so shine before your fellow citizens that they may, clearly see their way, and no longer be misled by every Ignis fatuus, or Jack o'Lanthorn which this rank soil and foggy climate too frequently produces.”

TO THE WARD OF PORTOKEN.

“ Gentlemen of the Ward of Portoken,

“ The concern which you express for the Constitution is extremely laudable ; go home quietly to your wives and families : employ more of your time in your own houses, and less of it (portfoaking) in taverns : this you will find to be the surest method of improving and amending the constitution of every individual.”

MR. DEPUTY, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE WARD
OF BROAD STREET.

“ Gentlemen,

“ Wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction. On that road you are now travelling. You neglect your own affairs to attend on those of the nation. From this source spring the

complaints of the great decay of trade, and this is the true cause why so many of you, Gentlemen, are found in the list of Bankrupts. Let each of you go to his compting-house and mind his own business; and believe me, this will contribute more to the public welfare than by insulting the king, mobbing the minister, or abusing the legislature."

MR. DEPUTY, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE VINTNERS'
COMPANY.

" Gentlemen,

" You complain, and I believe with great truth, of the profligacy and corruption of the times. Men MAKE the times, and there is not any body of men which contributes more to the general profligacy than the company of VINTNERS. They encourage in their houses every species of extravagance, riot, and debauchery; and I verily believe that the present heats and ill-humours of the body politic are owing to their adulterated inflammatory potations.

" You likewise complain grievously of the measures of Government: whether these your complaints are well founded or not, I shall not take upon me to determine; but permit me to say, that I have often
heard

heard loud and violent complaints against your measures, Gentlemen: These complaints are general, and of long standing, but remain to this hour unredressed; — first correct the abuses in your own houses; amend your own bad measures, and then you may come with a better grace to remonstrate to your Sovereign against the measures of his government, and the two houses of parliament.”

MR. DEPUTY, AND GENTLEMEN OF BRIDGE-
WARD.

“ Gentlemen,

“ Your eyes are so eagerly bent towards Westminster, that you overlook what is passing under your very noses. For God’s sake, look at home, attend to the navigation of the river, on which the trade and prosperity of this great city ultimately depends, and (instead of attempting to remove the King’s ministers) remove those dangerous nuisances, the sand-banks and chalk-hills on both sides the bridge. Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that the bridge itself is a nuisance, a glaring public nuisance, which, in spite of repeated complaints, remains a monument of your want of taste and want of humanity, obstructing the navigation, and destroying the

L 4

the

the lives of your fellow subjects. Let it be immediately pulled down and rebuilt on a proper plan, and employ the city revenue better than in greasy feasts and idle swan-hopping."

To conclude: I should have talked to the bakers of their short weights and adulterated bread; to the fishmongers of their destroying large quantities of fish in order to create an artificial scarcity, and to keep up the market price. I should have talked very freely to the corn distillers, those 'makers of pernicious inflammatory spirits,' converting to a curse what was meant for a blessing, or perhaps grinding the face of the poor 'under the notion' of a miller. In short, as every profession has some weak side, or some **BAD HINGE** that wants mending, I should have offered every one of them a little wholesome advice in the plain, blunt language of truth and sincerity; and I dare say, in the cool moments of reflection (after the rage of party had subsided) this language would have sunk deep in the minds of my fellow-citizens: — They would have remembered it with gratitude, when the hollow, fawning, flattering, time-serving speeches of **BRASS CROSBY** had been consigned to oblivion; and I should have cried out triumphantly, in the words of a celebrated citizen of Rome, *Exegi monumentum*

ERE

~~ÆRE~~ perennius ; I have erected a monument more
lasting than BRASS.

I am,

With all due respect,

Mr. BRASS,

Your very humble Servant,

RICHARD STEEL.

L ;

THE

THE ALDERMAN IN RETIREMENT.

TIR'D of debate, of party, and of power,
 Altho' no mortal ever lov'd them more ;
 Tir'd of two wedded wives, whose ardour cool'd
 Th' expectant second husband fairly fool'd,
 To Forty-hill an Alderman retires
 To build, to drink, to fan his am'rous fires ;
 Build for himself, as for himself he'll think,
 His port wine and his punch alternate drink.
 In vain the City Deputies come down,
 In vain invite him up to rule the town.
 In vain solicit and in vain intreat,
 For power and popularity—to quit retreat.—
 “ Staunch friend to Wilkes, and dost thou thus
 forego

The helm of state that London calls thee to ?
 And dost thou thus inglorious ease prefer
 To all th' applause and pomp of civil war ?”
 The quondam Mayor to this address replies
 (The grape's rich juices sparkling in his eyes)
 “ Shall I, who never visit London town,
 Nor do the common business of my gown,
 Again assume a more distinguish'd sphere,
 Again in city parties interfere ?

To

To dare to rival antient Whittington,
 Or modern Beckford, I were sure undone.
 My peace again disturb'd, and, what is worse,
 My mistress lost, and doubly drain'd my purse.
 Impossible again for me to gain
 A clear 500 l. with all my pain.
 Age and infirmities come on apace ;
 To age and illness honour must give place.
 To my esteemed friends all thanks are due ;
 But in my wretched state in vain ye sue."
 He spoke, and, clasping Lansdowne in his arms,
 Retir'd to bed, to riot in her charms.

Sated with power, but still awake to love,
 Thus to fair Ida's bowers retir'd great Jove ;
 Love's fever with his Juno to assuage,
 And left Olympus torn with party rage.

JAN. 10, 1772.

X Y Z.

L 6

FROM

FROM THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

I OBSERVED in your paper of Friday last, a long list of the races at Newmarket, where our sporting nobility and gentry resort with an intention of preying one upon another, and where they practise so much true policy, dexterity and finesse, either to win a match, or hedge off a bad bett. When I reflected on the GREAT sums depending on these races, and the GREAT personages concerned (many of whom are distinguished in the political world, as eminent statesmen or patriots) surely, said I within myself, the whole life of these GREAT folks, whether Ins and Outs, whether at Westminster or Newmarket, is one continual horse-race; each endeavouring to get before the other, all their eyes fixed on the King's Plate, the Subscription Purse, and the Great Sweepstakes; every one pushing, whipping, spurring, kicking, jockeying, crossing and turning: in short, it is the same thing whether the match be decided on Newmarket Course, or in St. Stephen's Chapel. In both of these places, Mr. Woodfall, we have lately heard of some very close heats; and as you have already got one race list in your paper, I now send you the sequel or counterpart.

W E S T.

WESTMINSTER RACES:

1762—OCTOBER MEETING.

Lord Bute's FAVOURITE (the noted SCOTCH STALLION) won the King's Plate; beating Mr. Pitt's famous horse GUIDE (who had won several Plates in different parts of England) and Lord Temple's bald-faced mare, MOLL GAWKY,—Betts before starting—FAVOURITE against the field.

1763—SPRING MEETING.

Noblemen and Gentlemen's Great Subscription.

Lord Bute's dun horse, TREASURER	1st
Lord Holland's black horse, PAYMASTER	2d
Lord Halifax's brown mare, FALCONER	3d
Sir F. Dashwood's sorrel horse, REDSTREAK	4th
Duke of Newcastle's grey horse, SMUGGLER, aged, fell lame in running.	
Marquis of Rockingham's SWISS	dr.
Lord Ashburnham's RANGER	dit.
Lord Kjnoul's LANCASTER distanced, owing to his being rode in a Pelham-bit.	
Duke of Devonshire's OLD WHIG ran out of the course.	

Henry

Henry Bilson Legge's **SOUTHAMPTON** paid forfeit. Mr. Wilkes's horse, **LIBERTY**, rode by himself, took the lead at starting; but being pushed hard by Mr. Bishop's black gelding, **PRIVILEGE**, fell down at the Devil's Ditch, and was no where.

1763—OCTOBER MEETING.

KING'S PLATE.

Duke of Bedford's horse, PRESIDENT	1st
George Grenville's GENTLE SHEPHERD	2d
Lord Sandwich's JEMMY TWITCHER	3d
Lord Egmont's KING JOHN	4th
Charles Townshend's horse, TRIMMER , ran on the wrong side of the post.	

Mr. Pitt's bay horse, **GUIDE**, was in training for this match, and expected to enter at the post, but went off.

General A'Court's horse, **MAJOR**, Col. Barre's **GVERNOR**, and General Conway's **DRAGOON**, paid forfeit.

Great expectations from Lord Shelburne's **COLT**, but he ran resty; and 'tis supposed he will not start any more. Some knowing-ones, who had backed him for a considerable sum, were taken in deep.

Mr.

Mr. Luther's COLT, 4 years old, weight 8st. 4lb. beat Mr. Conyer's FREEHOLD, AGED, weight 9st. —'Twas observed at starting, that FREEHOLD carried too much weight. However, 'tis thought he would have won the heat, had not a person, belonging to one of the public offices, crossed the course whilst he was running.

The Sweepstakes, over the Duke's course, was won hollow by Lord Albemarle's HAVANNA from a great many others. But disputes having arisen, whether or not HAVANNA was duly qualified, part of the money is detained in the hands of the clerk of the course.

A P R I L II.

The Second Great Match was decided between the two famous Persian horses, Mr. Sullivan's LEADER, and Lord Clive's NABOB. Though LEADER won at the former meeting, yet he barely saved his distance this time.—'Tis said this remarkable difference in his running was owing to his having changed his rider.

Odds at starting—Six to four on LEADER.

A true copy of the Race List.

Witness my hand,

H E B E R, JUN.

REASONS

REASONS FOR RETAINING THE LETTER **K** IN
THE ALPHABET.

FROM THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

IN my boyish days I remember reading in Busby's English Grammar of the Latin tongue, that "**K** " was out of fashion." That poor unfortunate letter, is now almost equally unfashionable in our own language; and unless you, or some other popular writer as universally read, will interpose in its favour, this old member of the alphabet will perhaps soon be entirely cut off. The good offices of a printer, however, are not much to be expected; for though we formerly heard of such a respectable substantive as the publick, we daily see one of your fraternity rejecting this old servant, and giving us a paper entitled *The Public Advertiser*.

To reconcile orthography to strick pronunciation is fantastical, ridiculous, and illiterate. It originally relished of etymology, and in written speech some etymological traces ever should remain. Honest **K** has long stood in our language as a memorial of its origin; and as the Greek χ is represented in English by the letters *ch*, so the final *que* of the French was formerly signified by the English *k*. But fashion,
fearful

fearful of pedantry, gives no quarter to etymology. The public are invited by your advertisements to performances tragic and comic, and concerts of music; and, to our utter astonishment, a modern dramatic poet has announced *The Choleric Man*, under the auspices of Mr. Garric, while Gallick genealogy and gallick patronymick are universally known, and who has himself so largely contributed to render immortal the name of Garricque.

Tamely to follow fashions is poor and servile: To run before them argues a great and lively genius. Content not yourself therefore, Mr. Woodfall, with the present partial detruncation of the final *k*, but boldly lop it off from every word wherein it now occurs, and do equal justice to the *quic* and the dead. The *tric* is easily played; let ambition *pric* the sides of your intent; the multitude will *floc* after you: the critics cannot find fault with you for following their own example, and the whole republic of letters will *crac* of your exploits in bringing this King Log to the *bloc*.

I am, S I R,

Your humble servant,

Berwic-street.

BLAC and all BLAC.

FROM

FROM THE SAME.

SMYRNA COFFEE-HOUSE, WEDNESDAY MORNING.

SIR,

YOUR ingenious correspondent **BLAC** and all **BLAC** has very humourously exposed the affectation of some modern writers, who are attempting to *kick* the letter *k* out of the alphabet. This ridiculous innovation I hope will be crushed in the bud; and your correspondent certainly deserves well of the **REPUBLICK OF LETTERS**, by endeavouring to save an useful member.

There is a very whimsical friend of mine who has long conceived so great an aversion to poor *k*, that at last he has lately proscribed him:—he contrives to omit him in words where one would have thought it impossible to do without him, such as knife and fork, cork-*skrew*, wig-block, &c. which he writes *nife* and *forc*, *corescrew*, wig-bloc. In order to place his antipathy to *k* in the most striking light, permit me to lay before your readers the following epistle, which I received from him a few days ago:

“ MY

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ One misfortune they say generally comes on the
 “ bac of another. I have had an attac of my old
 “ disorder, which has confined me these three weecs
 “ to a sic bed. I have swallowed amazing quanti-
 “ ties of physic, and yet could seldom get a winc of
 “ sleep for whole nights. Indeed it was partly my
 “ own fault ; for instead of proceeding in the regu-
 “ lar trac, I have been playing tries with my consti-
 “ tution, by purchasing quac medicines from a
 “ damn’d mountebanc in our neighbourhood: how-
 “ ever, by good luc, and just in the nic, when I
 “ was on the point of splitting on a roc, in stepped
 “ Dr. A——. He went upon t’other tac, obliged
 “ the empyric to pac off, and instead of physic, or-
 “ dered me to drinc plenty of fac whey, or old hoc
 “ and water. Though I feel a considerable weac-
 “ nefs, and some relics of the disorder, yet already
 “ I begin to pic up a little. I am forbid to eat porc,
 “ but can easly manage the wing of a chic or young
 “ coc. To-morrow I begin with the Jesuit’s barc ;
 “ and though my constitution has receiv’d a pretty
 “ smart shoc, the Doctor assures me I shall very soon
 “ be as hearty as a buc.”

Toocs Court, Tuesday
 evening, fix o’cloc.

I do

I do not mean, Mr. Woodfall, to take up much of your paper, which is better employed in coaxing the colonies, or mauling the Minister. I hope that enough has already been said to prevent the INNOCENT & from arbitrary and unjust proscription.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

K's FRIEND.

CLERICUS TO HUGH KELLY, ESQ.

FROM THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

I Cannot agree with the critics, that the description of our modern parsons, in the comedy of THE MAN OF REASON, was an excrescence that the Managers ought to have pruned;—on the contrary, I admire the pleasant and humorous picture;—put a cabbage leaf on a clergyman's face!—the thought is new:—and when we are told, that he will then look like a cauliflower, it grows into wit!—for when we begin to stare; and when men stare, they are surprized; and surprize is the soul of wit!—This single stroke, in my opinion, ought to have saved the

the Play. A cabbage leaf is not contemptible. We know that cabbage, in the time of Leo the Tenth, was preferred to the laurel, and that the poet of that day was crowned with cabbage, with the consent of all the wits in that celebrated court, when letters were revived in Italy.

Permit me, therefore, through the channel of your paper, to address the following verses to the author of **THE MAN OF REASON.**

CLERICUS.

TO HUGH KELLY ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE MAN OF REASON.

INGENIOUS KELLY ! fall'n on evil times,
Thy prose neglected, and forgot thy rhymes ;
ALL THY FALSE DELICACY out of fashion,
Thy **CLEMENTINA** now can stir no passion ;
Not all the **BUCKRAM** of defrauded **STAYS** *
(Of yore well made by thee) can help thy lays ;
Tragic and comic stuff thou didst produce :
Now at both ends, the busk has lost its use.

Oh ! had'st thou liv'd in Leo's golden reign,
And open'd then thy sentimental vein.

* Mr. Kelly was originally a Stay-Maker.

QUERNO

QUERNO had seen thee rival all his fame,
 And **STRADA** had immortaliz'd thy name !
 Immortal **QUERNO** ! as **DAN POPE** hath writ,
 " Crown'd on sev'n hills the Antichrist of wit !"
 No vulgar laurel-branch his chaplet weaves ;
LEO adorn'd his brow with **CABBAGE LEAVES** !
 Had'st thou then given to the theatric strife,
 Thy summer months, when cucumbers are ripe,
 When glowing maids wear jumps well bound with
 tape,
 Nor want a stay-maker to mend their shape :
 Had'st thou then try'd thy trade, with lucky hit,
 To buckram sentiment, and cabbage wit,
 With **SENSELESS REASON** to make critics stare,
 And vend in **MURPHY'S** name thy wretched ware.
QUERNO to thee had giv'n the foremost place,
 And heard men hail thee victor in the race :
 Seen them to thee the **CAULIFLOW'R** allow,
 And **THY OWN CABBAGE** flourish on thy brow !

FROM THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

AS your paper is the Theatrical and Operatical
GAZETTE (where the different public performances
 are printed **BY AUTHORITY**) I send you a correct
 copy of the following play-bill, to be inserted in the
 Public Advertiser.

S T.

ST. STEPHEN'S THEATRE.

THE managers of this Theatre, impressed with the deepest sense of the many favours heaped upon them by a generous public, humbly beg leave to lay before the nobility and gentry a list of their singers, dancers, and instrumental performers, for the ensuing season, viz.

SERIOUS OPERA.

1st Serious Man—Sig. Georgio Germano.

1st Serious Woman—La Generalina Conway *.

2d Serious Men—Sig. Carlo Jenkinson, Sig. Stanley, detto Parrochetto, Sig. Velbore Elliff, Sig. Tomafino Tonfini *.

2d Serious Women—Madame Beauchamp, Signora Giannina Cavendish *.

Tenor—Sig. Edouardo Turlo, Sig. Avocate Sco-
tete.

Last Men—Sig. Guglielmi Mereditto, detto il Cavaliere della trista figura, Sig. Giovanni Sawbricci, detto Cacafogo *.

COMIC OPERA.

1st Buffo—Sig. Federico Nort.

1st Buffa—Signora Cooperina.

1st Buffo Caricato—Sig. Ricardo Rigbi, detto Sileno.

2d Buffos

2d Buffos—Sig. Edmondo Burko, Sig. Colonello Barreno, Sig. Conte Nugente, Sig. Avvocato Duningi.

3d Buffos—Sig. Governatore Johnsoni, Sig. Bambero Gasconini.

Serious Man—Sig. Avvocato Adero *.

Serious Woman—Signora Jemima Luttirelli *.

Ballet Master—Sig. Giacomo Brudenelli.

Principal Dancers—Sig. Antonio Storer, Sig. Cavaliere Cunigambi, &c.

Painters—Sig. Carlo Volpone *, Sig. Tempio Luttirelli, detto Spagnoletto *.

Composer for the Serious Operas—Sig. Georgio Germano.

Composer for the Comic—Sig. Federico Nortti.

Copyists—Sig. Giovanni Robinsoni, Signora Cooperina,

Prompter—Sig. Fleccero Nortoni, detto il Vergonoso.

Property Man—Sig. Cavaliere Loudero *.

Taylor—Sig. Waistcoat Barone.

Attendant Mutes—Sig. Gherardi Hamiltoni, Sig. Georgio Selvino, Sig. Soamé Jenins, &c.

The managers hope for the encouragement of the public, as they have engaged most of the above-mentioned performers at very high salaries, except those

those marked thus*, who belong to various country-companies, and perform for their own amusement.

The Theatre will open on Thursday the 20th instant with a Serious Opera, the title of which will be announced in due time to the public; and on Wednesday evening the 19th, there will be a public Rehearsal, at the Manager's apartments, where subscribers will be admitted, on producing a written order from Sig. Robinsoni, or Sig. Cooperina.—
N. B. Signor Nortoni Virgognoso (the celebrated Improvvifatore belonging to the Opera) will attend the nobility, if desired, at their own house, where he will speak, extempore, on any given subject, in the same manner as he perform'd before a GREAT PERSONAGE.

P. S. Those who have PLACES, are desired to come early to the theatre, on the 20th, otherwise they cannot be SECURED.

WHAT IS MY THOUGHT LIKE?

BY way of relieving the topic of electioneering (which just now is become as much the subject of the drawing-room as the porter-house) we agreed the other night, in a genteel mixed company, where I was present, to play at What is it Like? But as some of your readers may not know this old English play from its general title, permit me to explain it to them. The method is this: Some one of the company is chosen a President, who appoints a theme for the rest to work upon, by thinking of some one person or thing, and demanding of every one present What it is like. The president, by the bye, does not disclose the object of his thoughts till each has first named his similitude. This done, he publishes aloud what he thought on, and calls upon every one in turn to make good his comparison.

The fetches and strains of invention on this occasion are very diverting, and often afford as much matter for admiration as for mirth. The president for the time being is the sole judge, and, after a full hearing, declares whose similitude appears to be most *a-propos*; whereupon some little prize is assigned to the victor.

The

The lady of the house, whose good sense and agreeable temper would procure her the privilege of leading most assemblies, had the chair for this night. Round her sat five other ladies and five gentlemen. As soon therefore as she had determined on the subject, she put the question, and every one was asked What it was like? But as I have not permission to give the names of the company, I shall only make use of the Christian names of the ladies, and use fictitious ones for the gentlemen.

Athenais compared it to a sconce; Lady Charlotte to snuff; Aurelia to a bog; Diana to a spaniel; Lady Dorothy to a lock; Mentor to Don Quixote; Dick Tell-truth to a mat; Jack Sarcasm to a toad; Will Banter to butter; and Colonel Standard to gunpowder.

When each had delivered an opinion in this order, the president named MODERN PATRIOTISM to be the subject she had pitched upon, and then going round, demanded of each person a reason for their comparisons, which they justified in the following manner.

Athenais said Modern Patriotism was like a sconce, ~~because~~ it reflected upon the light.

Lady Charlotte said it was like snuff, valued for being pungent.

M 2

Aurelia

Aurelia pleaded it was like a bog, because whoever entered on it must either sink or keep in motion.

Diana contended it was like a spaniel, because it fawned when it had a mind to come in, and barked when it was utterly excluded.

Lady Dorothy said it was like a lock, never to come further than the door, and to be managed by a master-key.

Mentor compared it to Don Quixote, because it was the complete character of lunacy.

Dick Tell-truth argued it was like a mat, made only to be trodden upon.

Jack Sarcasm likened it to a toad, because it had a wide mouth, quick eyes, and a belly full of poison; it subsisted upon the thinnest diet, and whenever it complained, it was always a sign of good weather.

Will Banter compared it to butter, because the least degree of natural heat spoiled its consistency.

Colonel Standard, who was asked last, defended his comparison, by saying it was like gunpowder, because it began in a blaze, and ended in a stink.

The

The several similes being thus explained, the Lady President gave judgment in the following manner: "That she had never before seen the opinions of chance so ably defended and assimilated; but as it fell under her peculiar jurisdiction to adjudge the priority to some one person, her most impartial judgment led her to bestow it on Colonel Standard, who had not only given a just simile, but had in that simile, and the reason for it, abridged the whole history of MODERN PATRIOTISM."

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS.

WITHIN this sculptor'd marble rests from war;
 The virtuous statesman, and advent'rous tar;
 Who led our navies round the trackless world,
 And on opposing foes the thunder hurl'd:
 Whose virtue and integrity out-shone
 The brightest stars that glitter'd round the throne;
 Whose valiant deeds brought glory to our shore;
 Whose hand reliev'd the wretched and the poor:
 Thus richly freighted, did his vessel steer,
 Proud in the van of honour, nor did fear
 The shelves of vice—but high in triumph led,
 Her gallant admiral to the glorious dead.

M 3

AN

AN IMPROMPTU,

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL LADY SITTING FOR
HER PICTURE AT MR. SHERIFF'S.

THREE happy painter, by such eyes inspir'd,
By grace enliven'd, and by beauty fir'd ;
So sweet a smile, and such a dimple sleek,
Ne'er curl'd on Hebe's mouth, or sat on Helen's
cheek.

THE following Jeu d'Esprit was the production of the Dean of Derry, Doctor Barnard, who advanced in conversation with Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other wits, that he thought "no man could improve when he was past the age of forty-five." Johnson (Samuel) who was in company, with his usual elegance and polished graces, immediately turned round to the facetious Dean, and told him that he was an instance to the contrary, for that there was great room for improvement in him (the Dean) and wish'd he'd set about it; upon which the Dean (the next day) sent the following Bagatelle to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the same company.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND CO
BY THE DEAN OF DERRY.

I Lately thought no man alive,
Cou'd e'er improve past forty-five,
And ventur'd to assert it ;

The

The observation was not new,
 But seem'd to me so just and true,
 That none cou'd controvert it.

“ No, Sir,” says Johnson, “ 'tis not so,
 That's your mistake, and I can shew
 An instance, if you doubt it:
 You, Sir, who are near forty-eight,
 May much improve, 'tis not too late,
 I wish you'd set about it.”

Encourag'd thus to mend my faults,
 I turn'd his counsel in my thoughts,
 Which way I should apply it;
 Learning and Wit seem'd past my reach,
 For who can learn when none will teach?
 And Wit—I cou'd not buy it.

Then come, my friends, and try your skill,
 You can inform me if you will,
 (My books are at a distance,)
 With you I'll live and learn, and then
 Instead of books, I shall read men,
 So lend me your assistance,

M 4

Dear

Dear * Knight of Plympton, teach me how
 To suffer with unruffled brow,
 And smile serene like thine;
 The jest uncouth, or truth severe,
 To such I'll turn my deafest ear,
 And calmly drink my wine,

Thou say'st, not only skill is gain'd,
 But genius too may be attain'd,
 By studious imitation;
 Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
 I'll copy 'till I make thee mine,
 By constant application.

Thy art of pleasing, teach me, Garrick,
 Thou †, who reverest Odes Pindaric,
 A second time read o'er;
 Oh! could we read thee backwards too,
 Last thirty years thou should'st review,
 And charm us thirty more.

* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

† Garrick being asked to read Cumberland's Odes, laughed immoderately, and affirmed that such stuff might as well be read backwards as forwards, and the witty Roscius accordingly read them in that manner, and, wonderful to relate! produced the same good sense and poetry the one way as the other.

If

If I have thoughts and can't express 'em,
Gibbons shall teach me how to dress 'em,

In terms select and terse :

Jones teach me Modesty and Greek,
Smith how to think, Burke how to speak,
And Beauclerc to converse.

Let Johnson teach me how to place,
In fairest light, each borrow'd grace,
From him I'll learn to write ;
Copy his clear, familiar style,
And from the roughness of his file,
Grow, like himself—polite.

V E R S E S

FROM DR. BERNARD, DEAN OF DERRY, TO THE
LATE DR. GOLDSMITH:

[Read at their literary club, after the well known
EPITAPHS written by the members on GOLD-
SMITH.]

GOLDSMITH I yield: restrain thy rage,
And spare a hapless stranger,
Who ne'er had ventur'd to engage,
Had he but known his danger.

Draw not thy angel's quill for shame,
On one who cries peccavi!
But rather seek for nobler game,
Go set thy wit at DAVY!

On him let all thy vengeance fall,
On me you but misplace it:
Remember how he call'd thee POLL,
But ah! he dares not face it*.

That wily loon has too much art
To shew his guilty head,
But Parthian like, he drew his dart,
Has wounded thee—and fled!

* David Garrick, Esq. was absent when these were first read.

A P O E-

A POETICAL EPISTLE,

FROM MR. CUMBERLAND TO DR. GOLDSMITH.

OR SUPPLEMENT TO HIS "RETALIATION," A POEM.

DOCTOR ! according to our wishes,
 You've character'd us all in dishes,
 Serv'd up a sentimental treat
 Of various emblematic meat ;
 And now it's time, I trust, you'll think
 Your company should have some drink ;
 Else, take my word for it, at least
 Your Irish friends won't like your feast.
 Ring then, and see that there is plac'd
 To each according to his taste.

To Douglas, fraught with learned stock
 Of critic lore, give antient Hock ;
 Let it be genuine, bright, and fine,
 Pure unadulterated wine ;
 For if there's fault in taste, or odour,
 He'll search it, as he searched out Lauder.

To Johnson, philosophic sage,
 The moral Mentor of the age,
 Religion's friend, with soul sincere,
 With melting heart, but look austere,
 Give liquor of an honest fort,
 And crown his cup with priestly Port !

M 6

Now

Now fill the glass with gay champagne,
 And frisk it in a livelier strain ;
 Quick ! quick ! the sparkling nectar quaff,
 Drink it, dear Garrick !—drink, and laugh !

Pour forth to Reynolds, without stint,
 Rich Burgundy, of ruby tint ;
 If e'er his colours chance to fade,
 This brilliant hue shall come in aid,
 With ruddy lights refresh the faces,
 And warm the bosoms of the Graces.

To Burke a pure libation bring,
 Fresh drawn from clear Castalian spring ;
 With civic oak the goblet blind,
 Fit emblem of his patriot mind ;
 Let Clio as his taster, sip,
 And Hermes hand it to his lip.

Fill out, my friend, the D*** of D***y,
 A bumper of conventual Sherry !

Give Ridge and Hi——ky, generous souls !
 Of whisky punch convivial bowls ;
 But let the kindred Burkes regale
 With potent draughts of Wicklow Ale ;
 To C****k next, in order turn you,
 And grace him with the vines of Furney !

Now,

Now, DOCTOR, thou'rt an honest sticker,
 So take your glass, and chuse your liquor :
 Wilt have it steep'd in Alpine snows,
 Or damask'd at Silenus' nose ?
 Will Wakefield's Vicar sip your tea,
 Or to Thalia drink with me ?
 And, DOCTOR, I wou'd have you know it,
 An honest, I, tho' humble peot :
 I scorn the sneaker like a toad,
 Who drives his cart the Dover road ;
 There, traitor to his country's trade,
 Smuggles vile scraps of French brocade ;
 Hence, with all such ! for you and I,
 By English wares will live, and die.
 Come, draw your chair and stir the fire :
 Here, boy !—a pot of Thrall's Entire !

[Mr. WHITEFOORD having read (in the literary club at the St. James's Coffee-House) some ludicrous EPITAPHS he had written on the supposed death of DOCTOR GOLDSMITH and DOCTOR CUMBERLAND, the two doctors thought proper to be very angry with the writer ; for which reason Mr. Whitefoord did not attend the next meeting of the club, but sent the following apology, addressed to Sir Joshua Reynolds.]

TO

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND CO.

FROM MR. WHITEFOORD.

ADMIRE not, dear knight,
 That I keep out o'fight,
 Consider what perils await him
 Who with ill season'd jokes
 Indiscreetly provokes,
 The "GENUS IRRITABILE Vatum."

I felt, when these swains
 Rehears'd their sweet strains,
 That mine had too much lemon juice ;
 And I strove to conceal,
 For the general weal,
 What at last I was forc'd to produce.

After such Panegyric,
 The least thing satyric
 Must put both the bards into twitters ;
 'Twas impossible they
 After sipping TOKAY
 Could relish a bumper of Bitters.

Do talk to each bard,
 Beg they won't be too hard,
 But be merciful as they are stout ;
 I rely on your skill,
 Say—just what you will,
 And as you brought me in, bring me out.

To

To the company too
 Some apology's due,
 I know you can do it with ease ;
 Be it yours, Sir, to place
 In the best Light my case,
 And give it—what COLOUR you please.

For those brats of my brain,
 Which have caus'd so much pain,
 Henceforth I'll renounce and disown 'em :
 And still keep in fight
 When I Epitaphs write
 “ DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM.”

V E R S E S

ADDRESSED TO MR. WRIGHT OF DERBY.

BY MISS SEWARD.

ON HIS HAVING PAINTED HER FATHER'S
 PICTURE.

THOU, in whose breast the gentle Virtues shine ;
 Thou, at whose call th' obsequious Graces bow ;
 Fain would I, kneeling at the Muses shrine,
 Pluck the green chaplet for thy modest brow.

And

And should in vain my feeble arm extend,
 In vain the meed these falt'ring lays demand,
 Should from my touch the conscious laurel bend,
 Like coy Mimosa*, shrinking from the hand;

Yet thy bright tablets, with unfading hues,
 Shall beam on high in Honour's envied fane,
 By him † emblazon'd, whose immortal Muse
 Adorn'd thy science with her earliest strain;

Brought every gem the mines of knowledge hide,
 Cull'd roseate spoils from Fancy's vernal plains,
 And with their mingled stores new bands supplied,
 That bind the sister arts in closer chains.

What living light, ingenious artist! streams
 In mingled mazes as thy fancy moves!
 With orient hues in bright expansion beams,
 Or bends the magic curve, that beauty loves!

As charm'd we mark, beneath thy various hand ‡,
 What sweet repose surrounds the sombre scene,
 Where, fring'd with wood, yon moon bright cliffs
 expand,
 The curl'd waves twinkling as they wind between;

* The sensitive plant.

† Mr. Hayley celebrated Mr. Wright's paintings in his first work, " Epistle to an eminent Painter."

‡ Alluding to two moon-light views of Matlock, by Mr. Wright, in the possession of Brooke Boothby, Esq. Litchfield-Close.

Start,

Start, as on high thy red Vesuvio glares,
 O'er earth and ocean pours his sanguine light,
 With billowy smoke obscures the rising stars,
 And darts his vollied lightnings thro' the night * ;

Sigh, where, 'mid twilight shades, yon pile sublime
 In cumbrous ruin bends o'er virgil's tomb,
 Where, nurs'd by thee, poetic ivyes climb,
 Fresh flowrets spring, and brighter laurels bloom ;

Or weep for Julia † in her sea-girt cave,
 •Exil'd from love in beauty's splendid morn ;
 As wild she gazes on th' unbounded wave,
 And sighs, in hopeless solitude, forlorn !

Ingenious Wright, from thy creative hands,
 With outline bold, and massive colours warm,
 Rival of life, before the canvas stands
 My father's lov'd and venerable form !

O ! when his urn shall drink my falling tears,
 Thy faithful tints shall shed a sweet relief,
 Glow with mild lustre o'er my darken'd years,
 And gild the gathering shades of filial grief.

* Celebrated paintings of Mr. Wright's.

† Another admired picture of Mr. Wright's.—Julia, the daughter of Augustus, banished to a desert island for her amours with Ovid.

TO

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

The humble PETITION of PHILIP Earl of CHESTERFIELD, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter,

SHEWETH,

THAT your Petitioner, being rendered, by deafness, as useless and insignificant as most of his equals and cotemporaries are by nature, hopes, in common with them, to share your Majesty's Royal favour and bounty; whereby he may be enabled either to save or spend, as he shall think proper, more than he can do at present.

That your Petitioner, having had the honour of serving your Majesty in several very lucrative employments, seems thereby intitled to a lucrative retreat from business, and to enjoy otium cum dignitate; that is, leisure and a large pension.

Your Petitioner humbly presumes, that he has, at least, a common claim to such a pension; he has a vote in the most august assembly in the world; he has an estate that puts him above wanting it; but he has, at the same time (tho' he says it) an elevation of sentiment, that makes him not only desire, but

but (pardon, dread Sir, an expression you are used to) insist upon it.

That your Petitioner is little apt, and always unwilling, to speak advantageously of himself; but as, after all, some justice is due to one's-self, as well as to others, he begs leave to represent, That his loyalty to your Majesty has always been unshaken, even in the worst of times: That, particularly, in the late unnatural rebellion, when the Pretender advanced as far as Derby, at the head of, at least, three thousand undisciplined men, the flower of the Scottish nobility and gentry, your Petitioner did not join him, as unquestionably he might have done, had he been so inclined; but, on the contrary, raised sixteen companies, of one hundred men each, at the public expence, in support of your Majesty's undoubted right to the Imperial crown of these Realms; which distinguished proof of his loyalty is, to this hour, unrewarded.

Your Majesty's Petitioner is well aware, that your Civil List most necessarily be in a low and languid state, after the various, frequent, and profuse evacuations which it has of late years undergone; but, at the same time, he presumes to hope, that this argument, which seems not to have been made use of against any other person whatsoever, shall not, in this single case, be urged against him; and the less
so,

so, as he has good reasons to believe, that the deficiencies of the Pension fund are by no means the last that will be made good by parliament.

Your Petitioner begs leave to observe, That a small pension is disgraceful and opprobrious, as it intimates a shameful necessity on one part, and a degrading sort of charity on the other: but that a great one implies dignity and affluence on one side; on the other regard and esteem; which, doubtless, your Majesty must entertain in the highest degree, for those great personages whose respectable names stand upon your Eleemosynary list. Your Petitioner, therefore, humbly persuades himself, upon this principle, that less than three thousand pounds a-year will not be proposed to him: if made up gold the more agreeable; if for life, the more marketable.

Your Petitioner persuades himself, that your Majesty will not suspect this his humble application to proceed from any mean, interested motive, of which he has always had the utmost abhorrence. No, Sir, he confesses his own weakness; honour alone is his object; honour is his passion; honour is dearer to him than life. To honour he has always sacrificed all other considerations; and upon this generous principle, singly, he now solicits that honour, which, in the most shining times, distinguished the greatest men

men of Greece ; who were fed at the expence of the public.

Upon this honour, so sacred to him as a Peer, so tender to him as a man, he most solemnly assures your Majesty, that, in case you shall be pleased to grant him this his humble request, he will gratefully and honourably support, and promote with zeal and vigour, the worst measure that the worst Minister can ever suggest to your Majesty : but, on the other hand, should he be singled out, marked, and branded by a refusal, he thinks himself obliged in honour to declare that he will, to the utmost of his power, oppose the best and wisest measures that your Majesty yourself can ever dictate.

And your Majesty's Petitioner shall ever pray.

A CHARM

A CHARM FOR ENNUI.

A MATRIMONIAL BALLAD.

BY WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

YE couples, who meet under Love's smiling star,
Too gentle to skirmish, too soft e'er to jar,
Tho' cover'd with roses from joy's richest tree,
Near the couch of delight lurks the dæmon Ennui.

Let the Muses' gay lyre, like Ithuriel's bright spear,
Keep his fiend, ye sweet brides, from approaching
your ear ;

Since you know the squat toad's infernal esprit,
Never listen, like Eve, to the devil Ennui.

Let no gloom of your hall, no shade of your bower,
Make you think you behold this malevolent power ;
Like a child in the dark, what you fear you will see ;
Take courage, away flies the phantom Ennui.

O trust me, the powers both of person and mind
To defeat this fly foe full sufficient you'll find ;
Should your eyes fail to kill him, with keen repartee
You can sink the flat boat of the invader Ennui.

... ..

If

If a cool non-chalance o'er your sposo should spread,
 For vapours will rise e'en on Jupiter's head,
 O ever believe it, from jealousy free,
 A thin passing cloud, not the fog of Ennui.

Of tender complainings tho' love be the theme,
 O beware, my sweet friends, 'tis a dangerous theme;
 And tho' often 'tis try'd, mark the pauvre mari
 Thus by kindness inclos'd in the coop of Ennui.

Let confidence, rising such meanness above,
 Drown the discord of doubt in the music of love;
 Your duette shall thus charm in the natural key,
 No sharps from vexation, no flats from Ennui.

But to you, happy husbands, in matters more nice,
 The Muse, tho' a maiden, now offers advice;
 O drink not too keenly your bumper of glee,
 Ev'n Ecstasy's cup has some dregs of Ennui,

Tho' Love for your lips fill with nectar his bowl,
 Tho' his warm bath of blessings inspirit your soul,
 O swim not too far on rapture's high sea,
 Lest you sink unawares in the gulph of Ennui.

Impatient of law, Passion oft will reply,
 "Against limitations I'll plead till I die;"
 But Chief Justice Nature rejects the vain plea,
 And such culprits are doom'd to the goal of Ennui.

When

When husband and wife are of honey too fond,
 They're like poison'd carp at the top of a pond,
 Together they gape o'er a cold dish of tea,
 Two muddy sick fish in the net of Ennui.

Of indolence most, ye mild couples beware,
 For the myrtles of Love often hide her soft snare;
 The fond doves in their net from his pounce cannot
 flee,

But the lark in the morn 'scapes the' daemon Ennui.

Let chearful good-humour, that sun-shine of life,
 With smiles in the maiden, illumine the wife,
 And mutual attention, in equal degree,
 Keep Hymen's bright chain from the rust of Ennui.

To the Graces together O fail not to bend,
 And both to the voice of the Muses attend,
 So Minerva for you shall with Cupid agree,
 And preserve your chaste flame from the smoke of
 Ennui.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

